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Men of tall ships knot for the Navy



HUBERT JACOBSON, 51, former skipper of a harbor tug, puts the finishing touches on a woven wire handle for a naval ammunition box.

Skilled craftsmen work at almost lost art

By Archie Macdonald

Sailors' wives and girl-friends won't receive gifts of exquisite knotted macrame bags, belts, and other fashion accessories this Christmas.

Skilled shellbacks of the "tall ship" era, the master craftsmen of the almost lost art of knotting, to-day have a sterner task.

Deft fingers that knotted string knick-knacks to win feminine hearts now knot, weave, and splice tough manila, coir, sisal, and hemp for the Navy.

THESE old sailors have come from farms, from truck-driving, and railway construction work—in fact, almost any shore job—to help the R.A.N.

Step into the sail loft and its component, the riggers' shed, at Garden Island, Sydney naval base. There you meet the shellbacks who have long since "swallowed the anchor" (retired from the sea).

Back in their natural element they are making sails and tarpau-

lins, rope slings, life-saving floats, bomb-splinter mats and fenders, and the hundred and one things the navy uses which are made from canvas and rope.

The sail loft and the riggers' shed have the authentic atmosphere of the days of sail.

You feel this at once, as you are greeted by the pungent odor of tarred rope, the sweet clean smell of newly-cut canvas and rope.

Watch the riggers and sailmakers at work at their ancient craft, and you realise that here in a machine-



ALEX SLATER, aged 60, a Scot, has been a sailmaker all his life. He was apprenticed to the craft at the age of 13 at Port Knockie. Here seen roping a kitbag for the Royal Australian Navy.

age are men proud to work with their hands.

You notice, for instance, that when they finish a rope protector for a shell—perfect as only skilled hands can make it—they almost caress it on to the projectile.

They tell you proudly that the hand-made protector must fit perfectly. It has to guard the fine copper machining on the shell from damage in handling.

If the machining is damaged the shell will not fire accurately. A six-incher that would have crashed the ribs of a Nazi or Italian warship would fall short of range.

But meet the shellbacks. There's Frederick Blackmore, 64, of Edenholme Road, Fivedock.

"All my life I have worked for His Majesty, and the good Queen (God bless her) before that," he said.

"Twenty years in the R.A.N., and the rest in the R.N. That's my record."

He retired from the sea, Chief Petty Officer, after the last war.

They could not keep him off Garden Island after the present war started, so he was made a dock-yard policeman.

Now, due to his training in sail, first on the brig Sealflower, at 15, he's a key man in the riggers' shed.

At one time Fred made all his own clothes.

He even made a skirt and several pairs of slippers for his wife, and knitted his own socks!

Then there's George Perryman, 56, of Sydney, a captive on the hell-ship German raider Wolf for seven and a half months, and a prisoner in Germany for 11 months in the last war.

George was bosun on the liner Matunga, captured and sunk by the Wolf in the Pacific on August 6, 1917.

He was a carrier three months ago, but he wanted to help the navy in a war job, so he went out of business.

George learned his craft in sailing ships. His last berth was in the full-rigger, Canterbury.

Hubert Jacobson, 51, of Erskine Street, Sydney, was until recently skipper of a harbor tug. He learned his craft chiefly in the Alexa Craig, in the Australia-New Zealand timber trade.

Before working with the navy he found time to make onion mesh bags, and a hammock for his wife.

"Now the only things I have time to rig up at home are the flagpole and the clothes-line," he says.

William Tongue comes from Birmingham, and consequently is "Brummy" to shipmates in the shed.

He trained with the R.N. in the sailing ship Volage, and came to Sydney as a rigger for the city railway.

George Delahay, ex-Liverpool,



WILLIAM TONGUE comes from Birmingham, and is known as "Brummy" in the riggers' shed. He trained in sail with the Royal Navy, and came to Australia as a rigger on the City Railway.

now of Manly, a rigger, has three brothers in the R.N. and one in the B.E.F.

One brother, Fred, was torpedoed in the Courageous, another, Albert, was in the destroyer Brazen, also sunk by torpedo.

Both were rescued. The third brother, Reg, was evacuated with the B.E.F. from Dunkirk.

Firm friends in the sail loft are a Dane, Herman Andersen, and a Scot, Alex Slater, of Port Knockie. Andersen had a tough life on windjammers for years. Slater has been a sailmaker for 47 years.

Andersen finished with the sea in 1923 after a hard five months' voyage from France to New Zealand in the Norwegian barque Ariel. He "skipped ship" on arrival at Newcastle and came to Sydney.

Unable to speak English he walked the streets hungry, looking for work.

A stranger attracted by his appearance stopped him one day, and asked if he was a Dane.

The stranger was Mr. A. Fredericksen, a fellow countryman, who helped him, took him home and introduced him to his wife, Constance.

A few weeks later a pretty girl spoke to Andersen on the beach at Brighton-le-Sands.

The pair fell in love at first sight, and married.

Afterwards Andersen discovered that his wife, Dorothy Broderick, was a sister of Constance, wife of his benefactor!

Before joining the select band of sailmakers at Garden Island, Andersen, with his wife, three children, and

six head of poultry, toured Australia in a canvas-covered truck.

"The truck was a mobile sailmaker's shop as well as a home and hen coop," said Andersen.

"I made canvas and leather bags, rugs of all types, water-bags, and blinds which I sold at stations and towns."

This country treated me so well that I thought I should help the war effort, so I went to the navy's sail loft."

Other shellbacks said that a desire to help the navy prompted them to throw up the well-paid shore jobs they took after "swallowing the anchor."

A rich Scots voice added: "Aye, that was the basic idea, no doubt. But wheest, as mon to mon, perhaps it was a gude chance for shipmates to get together."

He drew my attention to two riggers furiously weaving a rope fender, and arguing the while about a fast passage between Newcastle and Valparaiso in the late 'nineties.

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



—Maxwell Porteous.

COLONEL R. G. H. IRVING

... big job for Duntroon

WITH his appointment as Deputy

Director of Military Training, Middle East, Colonel R. G. H. Irving, of Melbourne, holds one of the most responsible posts in this command. He controls and directs training of all troops British, Dominion and Allied. Is first Dominion officer, apart from General Blamey, appointed to so senior a post in Middle East.

Is a graduate of Duntroon College. Was recently on General Blamey's staff.



—Peter Fox.

DR. RUBY DAVY

... music

DR. RUBY DAVY, Australia's

only woman Doctor of Music,

is founder of the recently-formed

Society of Women Musicians of

Australia. She says, "Aims of the

society are to improve the status

of women musicians, to bring their

work before the public, and to

ensure financial help for the pur-

suitance of all forms of art."

Dr. Davy returned last year from

a piano lecture-recital and broad-

casting tour of England, U.S.A.



MR. F. LARKIN

... U.S. Legation

TO supervise the building of a

permanent U.S. Legation at

Canberra, America has sent Mr. F.

Larkin, chief of U.S.A. Foreign

Buildings Office, to Australia. Ar-

chitect Larkin's speciality is lega-

tions. The Canberra one will be

his sixth in six years. Others are

in China, Peru, Argentina, Mexico,

Panama.

For Canberra he plans a Georgian

design, constructed of Australian

materials, to harmonise with other

official buildings and the landscape.

Why Shouldn't You Be SLIM and Attractive

YOU, too, can have that attractive figure which everyone admires. You, too, can look lovely and keep in radiant health, if you "slim while you sleep" with the aid of Bile Beans.

Purely vegetable, Bile Beans, the ideal tonic-laxative, act gently and naturally. They tone up the system and daily remove all fat-forming food residue. Thus, Bile Beans improve health and vitality and ensure slim, youthful lines.

So, start with Bile Beans tonight for perfect health and an attractive figure.

You Can With Nightly

BILE BEANS



"I manage a gown shop and it's a pleasure to tell you that since taking Bile Beans regularly my weight is considerably less. I'm brighter and more energetic now, and my health is splendid in every way."

—Mrs. O. M. PUTLOCK.

1/4 and 3/2 a box

LOVE IN THE BLACKOUT

*She won romance
by a clever ruse.*

By ...

**BRANDON
FLEMING**



*"This lady
will have
supper with
me, Purvis,"
said Bill,
assuming a
light, casual
manner.*

THE night was as black as pitch. A cold thin drizzle was beginning to fall. Bill Ponting turned up his overcoat collar, and looked up and down the dark deserted street. There was not much hope of a taxi. Then a pair of dim lights appeared round a corner, and came slowly towards him. What a bit of luck!

"Taxi!" shouted Bill.

In the darkness he could hardly see it as it passed him and pulled up a few yards ahead. He had to feel for the door-handle. He gave the driver his address, stumbled in, and sank back into the nearest corner with a sigh of relief.

Then he stiffened suddenly. Although he couldn't see anyone he was perfectly certain there was someone sitting in the opposite corner.

"Good lord!" said Bill.

There was no answer. He leant forward.

"Is anyone there?"

Still there was no reply. He strained his eyes into the corner, but it was too dark. Dash it, there was somebody there. He tried again.

"I say, I'm awfully sorry—"

The corner gave forth no response. He drew back, and spoke loudly into an imaginary telephone.

"Hullo! Exchange? Put me through to the other corner of this taxi. Hullo! Are you there?"

"Hullo!" said a soft voice.

The moment he heard it he was quite sure it belonged to the most attractive girl he had ever met. A lovely, low, warm voice. There was a quality in it he had never heard before. He was suddenly certain he didn't want to listen to any other as long as he lived.

"That's better. Don't cut me off. I said I was awfully sorry."

"Yes?" said the voice.

"I didn't know there was anyone else in here. The driver ought to have told me he was engaged."

"He wasn't," said the voice.

Bill started. "He wasn't?"

"No."

"You don't mean he doesn't know you're in his taxi?"

"Of course he doesn't. If he did he'd throw me out."

"Good lord!" said Bill again. There was a pause. He pulled himself together. "But how in the world—"

"Don't shout," she said. "He might hear."

"I'm sorry. How did you get in?"

"And why?"

"He'd gone for a drink."

"Most original. Well?"

"The taxi was standing empty. And it was cold and wet. And I got in for shelter. And then he came back suddenly and drove off without giving me a chance to slip out."

"But where's he taking you?" asked Bill weakly.

"I don't know. It doesn't matter, anyway."

"But you must live somewhere."

The voice hardened a little. "Why must I? Lots of people don't."

"Great Scott!" said Bill aghast, "you don't mean to say you haven't anywhere to go?"

"It's nothing to do with you anyhow," she said coldly.

"Of course it's to do with me."

"I don't see why."

"It's perfectly plain," said Bill firmly.

"Fate guided me to this particular taxi—or the taxi to me, it doesn't matter which. No one could possibly doubt it. We are moving in strange, mysterious ways. Please answer my question. Tremendous consequences may hang on it."

"If you really want to know," she said, "I've been out of a job a long time, and I was turned out of my room this morning because I couldn't pay the rent, and—"

"That's enough," said Bill sternly.

"The situation calls for drastic action. I was sure of it at the start. We are now on our way to my flat in Hamilton Court. You will have supper with me."

"But—"

"There are no buts. Afterwards you will occupy the spare room. In the morning—"

"What are you talking about?"

"The morning. Over a well-cooked breakfast, in the bay window overlooking the north-west corner of Hyde Park, we will discuss the future. Do you like your eggs well done?"

"PLEASE stop," the voice broke in shakily.

"I can't stop. After breakfast—"

"I couldn't possibly stay the night in your flat."

"Why not?"

"It wouldn't be proper."

He laughed grimly.

"It would be much more proper than hiding in taxis and not being able to get out. Besides, there's my man, Purvis. He'll act as chaperon. He'd make anything proper. His brother is butler to a

Dean, or a Chapter, or whatever it is."

"But you don't know anything about me," she said. "You can't even see me."

Bill waved the objection aside in the darkness.

"That doesn't matter, I can hear you. I'm a very good judge of voices. Yours is the most beautiful I've ever heard. And, anyway, if you don't do that, what else are you going to do?"

She was silent.

"That settles it," said Bill decidedly. "You are obviously quite incapable of looking after yourself. You would probably end up in quod, or the river, or something. I can't possibly have that. It's absurd. By the way, my name's Bill Ponting."

"Mine's Ann Frayne," she said.

"Thank you."

There was another pause.

"Bill," said the soft voice.

"Yes, Ann?"

"Do you make a habit of giving

food and shelter to homeless girls?"

"I do not," said Bill defensively. "I've never done it in my life before."

"Then why are you doing it now?"

After all, I'm a complete stranger. For all you know, I may be very ugly and repulsive."

"No one with a voice like yours could be ugly or repulsive."

"And perhaps a bad lot."

"You're not a bad lot."

"But suppose—"

"I am not," said Bill, "going to suppose anything of the sort. And, anyway, there wouldn't be time. Here we are. You slip quietly out while I pay the fare, and go straight into the main entrance. Got that?"

"Yes, Bill," said the voice meekly.

They saw each other for the first time in the entrance hall. Bill gasped. She was by far the most beautiful girl he had ever seen, and his experience was fairly extensive. For a moment he stared at her spell-bound.

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Continuing our brilliant
wartime serial

LANDFALL

By
NEVIL SHUTE

FLYING-OFFICER Jerry Chambers, young and very interested in MONA STEVENS, pretty waitress at the Royal Clarence Hotel, returns from Coastal Command patrol with the news that he has sunk a Nazi submarine. This success was doubly welcome as CAPTAIN BURNABY, of the navy, has infuriated.

WING-COMMANDER DICKENS by scathingly criticising the Coastal Command for failing to see the torpedoed ship Loehentle in a fog. Jerry is toasted by his fellow officers, but in the midst of the excitement he is summoned to Wing-Commander Dickens with

SQUADRON-LEADER PETERSON. Dickens shows them a despatch from trawler T383, saying that British equipment has been rescued from the wreckage of Jerry's submarine. He also informs them that the British submarine Caranx is overdue and failing to answer signals. Just then, Captain Burnaby telephones.

Now read on:

CAPTAIN BURNABY, as usual, was direct and to the point. He said: "I have spoken to Fort Blockhouse, Wing-Commander. They are sending Commander Rutherford over to my office at once. Will you please come in immediately, and bring the pilot with you? You'd better come to my office, in Admiralty House."

Dickens said: "Very good. I have the pilot with me now."

"Then I shall expect you at about a quarter to six." The wing-commander glanced at the watch upon his wrist; it gave a bare half-hour with fifteen miles to go, mostly in traffic, in the darkness of the black-out. The naval officer went on: "What has he to say?"

"He's only just come in, Captain. I haven't heard his story yet."

"Well, we won't waste time with it on the telephone. Get a car and bring him in with you. In the meantime, I have warned a salvage vessel to be ready for sea at midnight, and I have a drifter standing by the buoy. It's possible that some of them may still get out with the Davis escape gear. T383 should dock in an hour's time, and we shall see then what they've got."

"Is there still no answer from the Caranx?"

"The last signal was received at two o'clock. She should have passed the Gate an hour ago."

There was a pregnant silence. The wing-commander said quietly: "I'm very sorry to hear that."

Captain Burnaby said shortly: "Quite so. I am sure that we are all very sorry, Wing-Commander. Now will you please get straight into a car and come to my office, with the pilot of the aeroplane."

Dickens hung up the receiver, and turned to Chambers. "What letters did the thing have on its conning-tower?"

The pilot hesitated. Then he said: "I never saw them, sir."

Beside him the squadron-leader said gently: "Why not, old boy? Didn't you look?"

The pilot turned to him, flushed and anxious. "I never got a chance. When I got out of the cloud he was over on the left, and going down quick. I had to take him from the bow in the first attack. You can't see the letters when you're on the bow."

Dickens said: "But after the first dive you made several, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Didn't you see his conning-tower when you came round?"

"No, sir. There was smoke all

round it. I got a direct hit with the first stick."

"But how did you know it wasn't a British submarine, then?"

"It had nothing on the hydro-vanes, sir. No identification marks at all."

The wing-commander stared at him. "But you said it was going down. Could you see the hydro-vanes?"

The boy hesitated miserably, irresolute. After a time he said: "Yes, sir. I saw them clearly."

The wing-commander got up from his chair. "We'll have to get along," he said. "Come on. We'll walk down to the transport."

Chambers said: "May I go and get my coat, sir?"

"Yes—be quick." The boy turned to leave the room. Dickens called after him: "Bring a torch. If you've got one—the battery's run out in mine. Can't get about the dock-yard without a torch in the black-out."

"I'll bring mine, sir." He left the room and managed to slink in unnoticed through the back door of the mess to fetch his coat. In the office that he had left the wing-commander put on his own coat. Then he turned to the squadron-leader.

"It doesn't look so good," he said.

Peterson shook his head. "It doesn't." He turned to the other. "Be careful you don't get him rattled," he said. "He's a good lad; you know. I should be surprised if he'd made a mistake like this."

The wing-commander bit his lip. "It's the navy I'm afraid of. They're liable to tear him in pieces."

The squadron-leader nodded ruefully. They left the office and walked down towards the transport yard; a car was waiting for them there. The squadron-leader said:

"I suppose that notice about not bombing submarines this afternoon was because Caranx was coming in?"

"Yes." The wing-commander hesitated. "I suppose I should have made it clearer."

"We usually do let the pilots know what's going on," the squadron-leader said deferentially.

The wing-commander bit his lip, and they walked on in silence. He had framed his notice in that way because he had been irritated with Hooper, because he thought that the junior officers were getting insubordinate and should be disciplined to concentrate solely upon the job that they were told to do. He reflected that his instructions had been carried out to the letter.

Chambers was blameless, technically. The notice had said that no submarine was to be bombed in Area SM up till 1530; the action had taken place at 1541 according to the trawler's signal. Caranx, if it were she who had been sunk, was late upon her schedule; she should have passed that spot an hour before.

Still, if the pilot had known Caranx was expected he might have taken special care.

That was absurd. You couldn't fight a war if every order had to be explained to everybody. In this thing the whole fault lay with the navy. If Caranx was dangerously late upon her schedule she should have sent a signal; he could have changed his orders then.

His heart sank as he contemplated the future. If Caranx really had been sunk there were the makings of a blazing row that would go straight up to the Cabinet.

Chambers was waiting for him at the car; they got into the back seat together in the utter darkness and were driven into Portsmouth. They said very little on the drive. The flying-officer was frightened and confused. He was not certain of himself. He was sure in his own



The officers watched in tense silence as Mitcheson tipped out the contents of the kitbag.

mind that the submarine he had sunk was not a British ship; he could not satisfy himself with proof.

Once Dickens said: "You're quite sure that you saw the hydro-vanes?"

The boy said: "I saw one of them, sir—the port one at the bow. It was painted grey, not colored, like ours are."

"But you saw it properly—clear of the water?"

"It had water on it, sir. But I saw the color of the paint."

"You're quite sure of that, Chambers?"

"Yes, sir."

They lapsed into silence again. The wing-commander sat brooding in his corner. Ten minutes later he said:

"How did you know which area you were in?"

The flying-officer explained the steps that he had taken. The wing-commander nodded in the darkness; it was reasonable. Still, it was very near the knuckle. The pilot reckoned he was two miles to the

east of area TM, but two miles wasn't much deviation in the thirty miles that he had flown from his last known position.

The older officer was sick with apprehension. If this thing had occurred in Area TM their goose was cooked. The trawler evidently had not known where she was, for she had signalled Area SM/TM.

Please turn to page 32

CROWN CASE

**Mystery story
of strange and
sudden death
in the night.**

IT was quite early on Sunday morning, and the streets of Beverley were deserted as the police car raced along. Constable Dent was driving. Beside him sat Sergeant Masson. In the rear seat, Inspector Peake was explaining to Dr. Fraser why it had been necessary to fetch him out of bed.

"A telephone call just came in from Redcourt," he said. "That's Robert Lorrimer's place, you know. Or was. He's dead; and the butler says he's been poisoned. So I thought the sooner we got you on the scene the better."

"How does the butler know he's been poisoned?" growled Fraser.

Peake shrugged. "Don't ask me. That's the message as I got it."

The car turned in at the drive of a large house standing in extensive grounds.

"Lorrimer wasn't without money," Fraser observed.

"Stockbrokers never are," smiled Peake. "It's their clients who can't always make ends meet."

As the car pulled up on the terrace in front of the house, the door opened and a thin, elderly man emerged.

"Police?" he inquired softly. "Yes. I'm Inspector Peake. This is Doctor Fraser."

"A terrible business, sir. I'm Staveley, the butler. If you'll come this way, I'll take you straight up to Mr. Lorrimer's room."

"Right. Come on, Masson."

The three men followed the butler into a large, luxuriously furnished hall. Peake had expected quite a crowd of people to be waiting here, and was mildly surprised to see it empty.

"No one else in the house, Staveley?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir. There's Mrs. Lorrimer and Mr. Richard. And two guests for the week-end. And, of course, the maids."

"Where is everyone, then?"

"The maids are busy with their duties, sir. As for the rest of the household, I thought it best not to disturb them until after your arrival."

"Do you mean that you've kept the whole thing quiet? That no one else knows yet?"

"Yes, sir. The butler shuddered uncomfortably on narrow feet. "You see, sir, Mr. Lorrimer's been poisoned. But there's no sign of any bottle or anything of the kind near him, and—well, sir, in my position I can't help knowing that he was on bad terms with everyone in the house."

"What makes you think he's been poisoned?" snapped Fraser.

"There's a definite smell of almonds about him, sir. I remember reading that this is characteristic of cyanide poisoning."

"Phew!" Peake whistled softly, staring hard at the man. "So you think he's been murdered, eh?"

"I know of no reason why he should take his own life, sir."

The butler led the way up thickly carpeted stairs, along a corridor, and into a big, comfortable bedroom. The gas-fire, still burning, had made this uncomfortably warm, and the faint scent of almonds still hung in the stagnant air. Huddled on the tiger-skin rug on the hearth, beside a chair from which he had obviously fallen, lay the body of a man about fifty years of age, fully clothed, clutching a book in one rigid hand.

Peake stood frowning, looking down at the dead man for a few moments, then made way for Fraser.

"Take a look at him, Doctor," he said, striding across to open a window. "I fancy Staveley's diagnosis is correct."

Fraser made a quick routine examination.

"Yes," he agreed. "Characteristic odor, and all the signs of cyanide poisoning. Can't swear to it without a post mortem. But it's good enough to be going on with."

"How long has he been dead?"
"Six or seven hours, I should say."
"Thanks." Peake swung round to the butler. "Who saw him alive last?"

"I did, sir. He retired for the night about eleven. As usual, I brought his night-cap, whisky and soda, and inquired if he wanted anything further. He said 'No.'"
"And the others in the house?"

"They went to bed almost immediately, sir. I locked up, and followed their example."

"No one came near this room, so far as you know?"

"That is correct."

"And this morning?"

"Mr. Lorrimer liked being called early, sir. I knocked on his door at seven. Receiving no reply, I came in, and found him—like this. I went straight downstairs and telephoned to the police."

"Go through his pockets, Masson, for anything in the nature of a

"What are the odds on suicide?"
"That's your business, not mine. In the absence of any container—"

"He'd have time to get rid of it?"

"I suppose so. But why should he?"

Peake began moving about, keen eyes searching in every direction. In a short while a knock came on an inner door which communicated with the next room. Noticing that this was bolted, he slid the bolt back and opened the door. A girl in a charming negligee, with red hair falling to her white shoulders stood on the other side.

"I heard voices and—" She broke off, staring at Peake. "Who are you?" Her gaze went past him to the huddled figure on the hearth, and the pupils of her eyes dilated suddenly. "Oh! What's the matter? Is something wrong?"

"Are you Mrs. Lorrimer?" asked Peake, watching her closely.

"When things have quietened down, will there be a chance for me?" Peake heard Glaister ask Madge.

"Never mind about that just now," interrupted Peake. "Perhaps he had his reasons. I noticed that door was bolted, Mrs. Lorrimer."

"What of it?"

"I gather you weren't on the best of terms with your husband."

"I see! You think I murdered him?"

"It's not my business to think, madam. Please try to help us. Your first idea was that your husband had taken his own life. Do you know of any reason why he should do this?"

"No." Her voice shook slightly.

"When did you see him last?"

"Just before eleven last night. He went up to bed, leaving us downstairs."

"What was the nature of your quarrel with him?"

"We didn't quarrel. It's just that he was—oh, well, impossible to live with." The girl shivered. "Will you excuse me? I'd like to put some clothes on."

"Just a moment. I understand you have guests in the house. Will you tell me about them, please?"

"There's Herbert Cann, Robert's partner. And Philip Roscoe, a friend."

"And who is Mr. Richard?"

"My stepson. I'm the second Mrs. Lorrimer."

"Thank you very much. I shall probably want to ask you some more questions. If so, I'll send for you."

The girl retired to her own room. Peake closed the door behind her.

"Finished, Masson?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. There's no bottle, box, capsule, or anything."

"Is that a diary you've taken from his pocket? Let's have a look at it. His appointments noted for next

week. That doesn't sound much like suicide. There's one for this morning. Glaister—ten. Who's Glaister, Staveley?"

"Mr. Lorrimer's dentist, sir. He had an appointment yesterday, I believe."

"Yes, here it is. Glaister—eleven. He wouldn't be visiting his dentist on a Sunday, would he?"

"Perhaps that's an appointment for golf, sir. They frequently played together."

"H'm!" Peake glanced through a few more pages of the diary, then handed it back to Masson. "You in a hurry, Doctor?"

"The post mortem ought to be done as soon as possible. Traces of cyanide soon disappear."

"All right. I won't keep you long. But before the body's moved I'd like to have the other folks in, to see how they react. Staveley, ask Mr. Lorrimer's son to come to his father's room. Don't tell him anything of what's happened. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then will you phone the police station and ask them to send an ambulance to convey a body to the mortuary? By the way, what about the maids? Were they on bad terms with Lorrimer, too?"

"I think not, sir. In any case, neither of them could possibly be implicated in this. They sleep in the far wing. I locked the communicating door when I went to bed and it was still locked this morning."

"This reaction business?" murmured Fraser, when the butler had gone. "What did you make of Mrs. Lorrimer?"

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WYNNE W
DOVIES

By FRANK KING

pill-box. Then search the room for any sign of a bottle."

"Very good, sir."

"Curious business this," Peake commented to Fraser. "Apparently Lorrimer swallowed poison somewhere around midnight. Tell me something about cyanide."

Before replying, Fraser sniffed at the whisky glass which stood on a small table.

"None there, anyhow," he said. "Can't miss the smell of it. As you say, it's queer. Might be hydrocyanic acid he's had, or one of the cyanides. No way of telling. All act very quickly. A fatal dose kills in anything under five minutes, depending on the strength of the preparation."

"Yes. What is it? Please tell me!"

"I'm Inspector Peake, Mrs. Lorrimer. I'm sorry to say that your husband is dead. He's been poisoned."

The girl advanced slowly into the room. Her face had paled. "You mean, that he's committed suicide?"

"We don't know yet."

"You don't know—" Madge Lorrimer seemed suddenly to realise the situation. "What are you doing here? How long—"

"Your butler sent for us."

"Staveley telephoned you without waking me?" The pale face flushed scarlet. "How could he do such a thing? How dare he—"

TRUE COURSE FOR CHRISTMAS

Appealing story of a small boy and a voyage full of surprises.

By

CLIFFORD L. ALDERMAN

THE sign on the ladder said NO ADMITTANCE in stern capitals, but Tommy kept right on climbing up to the Pacific Trader's bridge. Even if they put him in irons and locked him up he couldn't be any lonelier than he was now, right at Christmas time when no one, he'd always thought, was ever lonesome.

A little boy, travelling alone nine thousand miles from Massachusetts to an isolated South Sea island, excited some interest among the Pacific Trader's handful of passengers when she left San Francisco. But Tommy's questions were eager and endless. Answering them required the patience of Job and the wisdom of Solomon.

After a few days he'd been left pretty well to his own devices.

"Hey, there, young man!" the third officer hailed him as he reached the wheelhouse. "Don't you know it's against the rules for passengers to come up here?"

"I came up to help you steer the boat," Tommy volunteered. "I steered Jim Warren's boat for him once. It's a motorboat. It isn't as big as this one. Does your boat steer easy?"

The swarthy quartermaster at the wheel bared his teeth in silent mirth and the officer laughed. "Not as easy as Jim's, I'm afraid. What's your name, son?"

"Tommy Barnes. What's yours?"

"Bob Edwards. Travelling with your folks?"

"No, sir, by myself. I'm going to Malatonga."

"You're pretty small to be travelling alone."

Tommy bridled. "I'm small for my age," he said. "You see I'm really seven years old."

"No!" Mr. Edwards exclaimed. "Seven, eh? That's different. On a business trip, I suppose?"

"Well, I may do a little trading with the natives, but I'm going to live with Uncle Nick. I always lived in Medford Mills with Gram, you know, until Gram died."

Mr. Edwards seemed to understand perfectly. It was nice to find somebody on this boat who did.

Tommy demanded: "What keeps this boat from falling off when it gets down under the side of the world? Did you ever rescue anybody at sea? If this boat sank when it was going would it keep right on going under the water?"



Did you ever fight any pirates? Did—

"Just a minute, there! Easy as you go and one question at a time! Came up here to steer, didn't you? Quartermaster, let Mr. Barnes take the wheel a minute. I'll stand by him."

Tommy's eyes threatened to burst loose from his head. The man at the helm was standing aside and Mr. Edwards was motioning him,

"She's steering 240," Mr. Edwards told him. "See the number on the compass? Keep it right under that line—that's the lubber's line. Steady as you go!"

Tommy held her steady. He hardly dared breathe. You could feel the great ship right there in your hands, kind of throbbing. At that moment Tommy wouldn't have changed jobs with Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Mr. Edwards told him about the

"Let's go ahead and show Tommy how grateful we are," said the Captain.

compass. Some ships had electric gyro compasses, but this ship was old and small and she had only a magnetic one. There were magnets underneath it that had to be set just so or you couldn't steer a true course and the Pacific Trader would wander like a blind man.

Mr. Edwards showed him a lot of other fascinating things on the bridge. About noon he got out his sextant and explained to Tommy how he shot the sun. That was so they could tell where the ship was.

"What if it's cloudy?" Tommy wanted to know. "How can you tell where you are then?"

"You can't. But you can figure it somewhere near if you know how fast the ship is going and your compass is working all right."

At noon Mr. Marshall, the second mate, came up on the bridge to relieve Mr. Edwards. He scowled at Tommy. "This is Tommy Barnes," said Mr. Edwards. "He's learning to be a sailor."

"Not on my watch he isn't," said Mr. Marshall. "You better get below, kid."

There was a noise back in the chartroom and both officers went into it. Tommy could see Captain Wadsworth standing there in his uniform with the four bright gold stripes on its sleeves. He overheard the captain saying, "It's a publicity stunt."

Mr. Marshall's gruff voice said, "They're not satisfied to sail us again forty-eight hours after we get into San Francisco. I'd counted on

spending Christmas at home this year—first time in five years, too. And now this. We'll be late getting into Wellington and will have to work cargo all night, I suppose."

"Orders are orders, Marshall," said Captain Wadsworth. "Put her on half speed."

Mr. Marshall came back to the wheelhouse. He was scowling. He grabbed the shining engine telegraph handles and threw them over to Half Speed Ahead with a harsh jangle. The engine-room jangled back and the Pacific Trader slowed down.

Then Mr. Marshall saw Tommy still standing there. "I told you to get out of here!" he said.

"I—I was just going. What did you slow the boat down for?"

"So there won't be any Christmas."

Please turn to page 10

OUR EDITOR DODGED JAPAN'S BLITZ



MRS. ALICE JACKSON (left), Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, with Mrs. Gannon, when she distributed Bundles for Britain in London's East End.

Always just one hop ahead of danger in thrilling dash home

By ALICE JACKSON

Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, who has returned home after distributing "Bundles for Britain" to the people of England.

Let me begin by saying that the loveliest sight in the world to me was the sunlight on blue Australian water as the Clipper taxied to its base on my return from abroad.

My job has been done. Personally I have placed "Bundles for Britain" actually into the hands of the people who needed them most.

In an adventurous trip, the look of delight on the faces of these people has been one of my proudest experiences.

I HAVE been lucky in dodging blitzes on the way home.

I had just left Portugal when they had their earthquake shock.

The memory of Pearl Harbor and its majestic warships was still in my mind when we heard the news on the Clipper of the Japanese raid. All through the trip home I've been one hop ahead of trouble.

I have visited so many countries and seen so many people that I really do not know where to begin to tell you of my impressions.

The things that stand out are the pluck of the English, the amazing fortitude of British women, and the high name of our Australian soldiers abroad.

On every street corner of the Old Country I discovered the miracle of England.

There is no other way to describe the resolution of the people.

There is nothing braggart or flamboyant about it—just a dogged sort of pluck that brings tears to the eyes.

Down in the East End while distributing "Bundles for Britain" I met a Mrs. Gannon. She is just a typical British woman of the East End.

She invited me to her home to have a cup of tea.

"We're not doing half-bad," she said.

Her home was two rooms of a blitzed house, literally torn apart by the bombings.

She showed me her few possessions with pride, including the home-made table her dockworker husband made.

£2000 fiction contest

ENTRIES are rolling in for our £2000 fiction contest.

A prize of £1000 is offered for the best serial, which must be between 70,000 and 90,000 words.

In the five short-story sections—romance, adventure, war, thriller, and humor—a prize of £200 is offered in each section. Stories must be between 3000 and 8000 words.

Entries must be clearly marked for the section intended and wordage given. Address to The Australian Women's Weekly office in your State.

Waving her hand at the furniture, she said, "It's only guyver (not the real thing), but it's home and we intend to stick here."

My saddest sight was to look on all that was left of Coventry Cathedral after the Nazi bombs had wrecked it.

The church was gone; only the high altar was left and the charred remnants of a cross. It shone out from its frame of destruction like a symbol.

I think England's A.R.P. organisation is perfect, and there is very little chance of the Fifth Columnists getting away with anything in Britain.

One night on the way back to London from distributing "Bundles for Britain" in the

provinces we drove into a small town.

To a bystander we said, "What town is this?"

Came the inevitable reply: "I couldn't tell you that. You see, I am a stranger here." That is the formula used. No stranger is told anything that may help the enemy.

Clothes rationing has made London a sombre-dressed city.

At receptions and other official occasions black is the predominant color. I did miss the gay clothes of Australians.

The British seem to be managing pretty well in regard to food. But here's a tip. If you are sending parcels, send something with a meat content in it.

Lisbon is the most amazing city in the world to-day.

While waiting there to get a ship to New York I met people of almost every race in the world.

It's the clearing-house of Europe. You meet Rumanians, Dutch, French, and Italians hurrying away from Europe.

In an airfield one sees the American Clipper—close by is the crooked cross of the Nazi airline which flies to Berlin.

Of the personalities I met, two stand out... Her Majesty the Queen, with her amazingly beautiful blue eyes and lovely hands, and the serene face of Mrs. Roosevelt. These are truly great women.

Everywhere I went people were interested in Australia and Australians.

Americans have a very high regard for the Anzacs, and the British were infinitely touched by the fact that the people in far-off Australia were thinking of them and sending them warm clothing.

But whenever I talk of my trip my mind flies back to England and its unconquerable, magnificent women.

I talked with one Cockney woman.

"Sure," she said, "we'll cop it this winter."

"Aren't you afraid?" I asked "after all you have been through?"

"Not a bit," she said, "we know what to expect, and Hitler won't surprise us this time. It's the things you don't know about that frighten yer!"

In the shelters the same spirit prevails.

In one shelter I visited I

saw a slogan which stands for the spirit of London defiant: "If your knees knock, kneel on them!"

FOR A ROMANTIC CHRISTMAS... GIVE HER
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APPLE BLOSSOM...



The sweet freshness of full-blossoming apple orchards... the perfume that has captivated fashionable women everywhere... what lovelier gift than a Helena Rubinstein beauty preparation in this delightful fragrance!

Apple Blossom Skin Perfume... cooling, refreshing...
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"House of Beauty"... 82 Castlereagh St., Sydney

I saw the Diggers in Malaya preparing for this . . .

Tough, ready, they fight like jungle tigers

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH, who visited the A.I.F. in Malaya this year as Special Correspondent for The Australian Women's Weekly

"We'll give 'em curry."

At last the men of the A.I.F. in Malaya are carrying out the truculent threat which has buoyed up their spirits throughout the long, restive months of training.

Probably no Empire troops in this war have received such gruelling preparation for their task.

Certainly none could have been more anxious to go into battle.

I can imagine how the news of action sent whoops of joy echoing through the rubber trees, how their marching boots thundered down the winding tracks, how their energetic songs broke the quiet of the steamy, languid jungle, how the sound of the lumbering transports and gun-carriers brought out their native friends to call a last-minute "Hullo, Jo!"

FROM the day they cheered themselves into Singapore Harbor their training has been consistently toughened as each week made them more accustomed to local conditions.

And as their training grew tougher they have moved farther and farther into the jungle.

When I met them, most of them were stationed near towns and villages, but

already they had carried out manoeuvres under battle conditions.

A "march through the rubber" meant running on loose earth in steaming heat, leaping channels every ten yards in full battle kit, for miles through the plantations.

They "took" native villages with all the realism of actual warfare, shouting and yelling, and still running, and when they returned to camp wet through with sweat they still had enough energy to run to

the showers, then run to their meal huts.

The one-day treks in the jungle were lengthened to three days and longer.

They cut their way through the jungle with native parangs, raked the jungle floor for scorpions before lying down to sleep in their sweaty clothes, slept in torrential rain, lived on a handful of rice a day, laughed wistfully about the rigors of the march to Bathurst.

Everywhere the A.I.F. worked and played with an air of efficiency and urgency which suggested that actual warfare was due to start within the next few minutes.

Great transports loaded with anything from precious mail to crates of bread awayed along the banked-up roads.



BATTLE MANOEUVRES are now a reality of war in the jungles and rubber plantations of Malaya, where the A.I.F. has been training rigorously for months.

Gunners worked on their gun-carriers with spanners almost too hot to handle. Perspiring troops did rifle drill to shouted orders, falling flat on the hard parade ground after running a few steps, over and over again.

Engineering and other special units disappeared for days into the jungle to carve tank traps, gun placements, slit trenches out of its undergrowth.

At the end of the day's work, when civilian Malaya stretched out on cane lounges on shady verandahs to drink long cool drinks, the A.I.F. played sport.

On a huge area at one camp I saw Australian Rules, Soccer, and two Rugby matches being played simultaneously.

Remained casual

HUNDREDS of figures stripped to the waist and shining like metal in the sun played football with all the zest of trying to keep warm on a winter's day.

But in spite of that atmosphere of urgency in their training they retained their casual slow Australian voices, their casual walk, and that casual air symbolised by the angle of their hats.

They retained, too, their boisterous sense of fun when off duty.

The rickshaw races are over now, their coolie friends standing by to evacuate civilians if necessary; the Chinese and Malay children won't be getting free ice-creams for a long time now; the visits to planters' homes are over and the planters themselves have been called up for their Volunteer Defence Corps units.

There was the same sense of urgency among the R.A.A.F., although the comparatively smaller numbers of men made their duties seem more leisurely and sober.

The R.A.A.F. had been waiting even longer than the A.I.F. to go into action, but its regular reconnaissance flights over hundreds of miles of tropical seas and steaming coastlines gave it an illusion of being on active service.

Young Australians, looking even younger in their work overalls, were stationed in a chain of aerodromes from Kota Bharu to Singapore.

They have worked alongside native laborers carving aerodromes out of the jungle, building petrol storage, joining their co-workers on fishing and swimming expeditions in their spare time.

A.I.F. spirit

THE A.I.F. nurses were prepared for actual war within a few weeks of their arrival. They carried out emergency drill for gas attacks and air raids under blackout conditions, and slept with their respirators and tin hats beside them.

The spirit of the A.I.F. was something that seemed almost tangible.

When they marched they seemed to be larger-than-life figures, they seemed to march to a full brass band, with rows of banners flying.

To those of us who watched them, nearly bursting with pride, it seemed to be quite reasonable that the Malays and Chinese called them the "gods from the south"—though the troops themselves were very embarrassed by such high-flown phrases.

I remember the "god from the south" who bought twelve bottles of beer on pay day and drank them in a row . . . the two who had the curry-eating competition, and achieved five helpings each . . . the one who spent nearly a whole pay giving a party for half a dozen Malay children . . .

the tough, one-time engineer-major who spent his spare time collecting rare orchids . . . the boys who still demanded porridge for breakfast in the broiling heat . . . the old ex-Digger who, after a full day's work and a crowded evening's fun, remembered all the verses of "The Man From Snowy River" . . . the transport men who drove all night to deliver the hot cross buns on time for Good Friday breakfast.

The spirit of the A.I.F. has weathered nearly a year of incredibly hard work, boisterous fun, homesickness, and dreary waiting to go into action.

Now that same spirit has carried them into battle, and they carry our pride and confidence with them.

DO YOU KNOW?

RED INDIANS' UPPER TEETH ARE RADICALLY DIFFERENT FROM WHITES, NEGROES AND OTHERS. THEY ARE SHOVEL SHAPED! HOWEVER, THE COMPOSITION OF TEETH DOES NOT VARY. DENTAL DECAY CAN STRIKE IN EVERY MOUTH. GUARD YOUR TEETH BY USING KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS KEEPS YOUR TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN—FREE FROM DECAY GERMS!

THEIR TEETH DIFFERENT FROM OURS

ELEPHANT CHEWS ON ONE TOOTH

DURING ITS LIFETIME, AN ELEPHANT HAS SIX CHEEK TEETH, BUT ONLY ONE TOOTH IS IN PLACE AND IN USE ON EITHER SIDE OF EACH JAW AT THE ONE TIME. THE WHOLE SERIES MOVES FORWARD ONE AT A TIME AS FRONT TOOTH BECOMES WORN AWAY.

YOUR TEETH ARE DEFENCELESS

DON'T CRACK NUTS BEND WIRE BREAK STRING OR BITE THREAD WITH YOUR TEETH

THIS CHIPS THE ENAMEL AND MAY KILL THE NERVE. LOST ENAMEL NEVER GROWS AGAIN AND THE FRACTURE OPENS A GATE FOR GERMS TO ENTER. GUARD YOUR TEETH WELL. USE KOLYNOS REGULARLY. KOLYNOS BUBBLES BETWEEN YOUR TEETH. FLOWS AWAY DANGEROUS FOOD DEPOSITS. LEAVES TEETH SURGICALLY, ANTISEPTICALLY CLEAN. AFTER KOLYNOS, YOUR TEETH WILL GLEAM & GUSTEN WITH NEW LOVELINESS.

TOOTH EXTRACTION Brought Back Sanity

IN 1876, SAVAGE, ENGLISH ALIENIST, REPORTED A CASE OF MANIA FOLLOWING ACUTE ILLNESS. THE PATIENT, AFTER 3 MONTHS IN ASYLUM, DEVELOPED SEVERE TOOTHACHE. TOOTH WAS EXTRACTED, AND IN A VERY SHORT TIME, PATIENT REGAINED SANITY.

KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY DENTAL CREAM. 1/2 ON DRY BRUSH IS PLenty

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

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—before it cripples you

Look between your toes every night and at the first sign of soreness or moist, white, pulpy skin, apply IODEX. It will quickly check the dangerous infection and soothe and heal the damaged tissues. Specialists say in summer 6 out of 10 are infected, so take care —always have IODEX on hand.

World-wide authorities use and recommend IODEX. In stubborn cases see your doctor.

IODEX
NO-STAIN IODINE
FROM ALL CHEMISTS 2/1

Be Steadfast!

IN the moving and dramatic words of our Prime Minister, "AUSTRALIA IS AT BATTLE STATIONS."

Not the far-flung fight of other wars, but war in the Pacific, with the yellow men, earth-hungry, driven hard, laying lean hands on our outposts and coastlines.

TO the women of Australia in this terrible emergency, in humble duty we say,

BE STEADFAST, AND ALL
WILL BE WELL!

Young in history, unblooded on our own soil, let us give to the world a saga from the south that the world will hear and marvel upon. Let us reaffirm the words of the poet O'Hara that we shouted so proudly at Federation:

*Over a Continent and a sea,
Rulers to the end of time.*

To the heathen hordes who seek to dye the Pacific with blood, let us run our star-strewn flag to the masthead.

Let us join hands—from the factory forge and the battle ground—and create a ring of valor round this country we love so much.

Let us stand on its sweet sun-kissed earth, untainted by bloody conquest,

uncurst by tyrant. Let us say: Here is a citadel of freedom under a sunny heaven—**THEY SHALL NOT PASS.**

Let us fight and work together so that the enemy will cease to scoff at our numbers, but tremble at our resolution.

So that, in the end, it may be said of us, as Churchill said of the airmen of England: "Never before has so much been owed by so many to so few."

The torch of freedom is in our hands. We shall be steadfast.

And we shall not be alone.

Our fathers, the pioneers, will march beside us.

The bush-born wind that fanned the Anzac cheek will whisper:

*Nothing so lovely as this land of ours
must be despoiled.*

The thunder of the name of Anzac will beat about us as we march.

It will encourage us as we work; for work we must—feverishly, unflinchingly—to back up our men.

We must be brave so that our men be brave: these Australians of whom Ogilvie said:

*From bush fires ravaging at his birth,
From great floods thundering as he played;*

*He learned to fear no foe on earth,
The bravest thing God ever made.*

We their women, their mothers, their wives, and their sweethearts must have the same courage.

In the history of the making and pioneering of our land it has been written:

*Wherever there was a man — there
was a woman by his side.*

*In this fight it shall be
the same.*

Steadfast—and all will
be well.

—THE EDITOR.



No Christmas!

That couldn't be. There was always Christmas. What could become of it? And what about Santa Claus? He faced Mr. Marshall, his eyes blazing. "It isn't so! There's always Christmas!"

"Yeah?" said Mr. Marshall. "Come in here a minute, kid." Back in the chart-room Mr. Marshall showed Tommy a big map of the ocean. "See this line?"

There was a line running through the middle of the map, from top to bottom. On one side of the line it said "Sunday" and on the other side it said "Monday."

"That's the International Date Line," said Mr. Marshall. "If it's Sunday when you cross that line it's Monday as soon as you pass it."

"Where does Sunday go to?" Tommy demanded.

"Never mind. It just goes. If we'd kept going at full speed we'd have crossed the Date Line to-morrow. Now we're going slower. We're going to cross the Date Line at twelve o'clock the night before Christmas. Then it'll be twelve o'clock the night after Christmas."

"Why—why?" Tommy stammered. It sounded convincing, the way Mr. Marshall explained it.

"So the people in the office in San Francisco can put a story in the papers that this ship was the only place in the world where there wasn't any Christmas. Now, beat it, kid. I'm busy."

Thinking about it at luncheon, it didn't seem so impossible. For one thing, it didn't feel like Christmas. At home, in Medford Mills, there was always a white carpet of snow and the air was sharp and frosty. Out here the hot sun blazed down on a world of bright blue water.

At home it would be time to go up on the mountain and cut a tree, a wondrous tree when it was trimmed with long white ropes of strung popcorn and glittering tinsel and ornaments, with a great gleaming star at the top.

People were different at Christmas time, too. Everyone laughed and smiled, and said "Merry Christmas" and it made you feel warm inside. Even Old Lady Parsons, the crosser teacher in the school, was different around Christmas.

But here on this boat—Tommy looked around the table in the dining saloon. Mrs. Adams, next to him, was frowning at Mr. Adams, but he didn't see her because he was talking to Miss McMahon, the lady whose hair was so yellow and whose finger-nails were so red.

Mr. Richardson was snarling at a waiter. He snarled all the time

—at waiters and the other passengers and the weather and the ship. People said he was rich and that was why he hated travelling on this old ship. He couldn't really be rich, Tommy thought, because he wasn't happy.

Suddenly he knew why so many people on this boat were unhappy. It was because there wasn't going to be any Christmas on the Pacific Trader.

He hoped Mr. and Mrs. Garrison weren't unhappy about it. He liked them. Mr. Garrison answered all Tommy's questions patiently and Mrs. Garrison had held him in her lap and told him stories and said she wished she had a little boy.

After luncheon Tommy went to his room and took his most precious possessions out of his suitcase. There were some lead soldiers and sailors, a small pocket compass to be used when lost in the jungle, a toy cannon, a gilt badge that proclaimed its owner a Boy G-Man, a large horseshoe magnet and a box of beads, purchased on the advice of Flathead, for trading with the natives in Malatonga.

Tommy played with the lead soldiers and sailors and the cannon for a while. Then he picked up the horseshoe magnet and swung it aimlessly over the pocket compass. The needle gyrated excitedly under the pull of the magnet.

After a while Tommy went out on deck and walked up and down for a long time.

That night, when he said his prayers, he prayed hard that it might be cloudy to-morrow.

In the morning you couldn't even tell where the sun was in the sky. Tommy bolted his breakfast and hurried up to the bridge. It was after eight and Mr. Edwards was on watch. "You here again?" said Mr. Edwards.

"Yes, sir. Do you mind if I watch you run the ship?"

"Well, you can stay for a while—but the Old Man'll skin me if he catches you up here. If you see him coming, scram. And no questions this morning—I'm very busy."

Mr. Edwards was trying to catch the sun out long enough to shoot it with his sextant but he didn't have any luck. It was too cloudy. Tommy kept very quiet. He stood close to the compass, watching it quivering in the binnacle.

It was nearly noon when Mr. Edwards gave up trying to shoot the sun. He looked surprised when he saw Tommy still there. "Not sick or anything, are you, Tommy?"

"No, sir."

Continued from page 6

"I can't understand it. I didn't think you could keep quiet so long."

Tommy said, "Do you think Mr. Marshall would mind very much if I stayed up here a little while? I'm not a bit hungry."

Mr. Marshall didn't like the idea much but he must have been feeling better. He said Tommy could stay but he didn't want to hear a yip out of him.

In the middle of the afternoon he asked Tommy if he'd eaten and Tommy said yes. After all, he had had breakfast. A little before four the captain came up the stairway that led from his cabin to the chart-room.

"Beat it, kid!" Mr. Marshall whispered.

Tommy beat it, but he was on the bridge again the next morning, the day before what should have been



THE MEXICAN INFLUENCE is now seen in the latest coiffures. This lass has her dark hair plaited and coiled in a smooth halo with gleaming silver ribbon braided into a long strand of the hair.

Christmas if there were going to be one. Mr. Edwards was surprised but he offered no objection to Tommy's standing quietly near the helmsman. Tommy stayed there all through the watch, until the captain put in an appearance about noon.

At about twilight Mr. Swenson, the first mate, got a star sight on Polaris. When he had worked out the latitude, he stared at the figures and then went outside and took another shot with his sextant.

A little later he shot another star for longitude, and when he had marked the ship's position on the chart he gave a low whistle and called Captain Wadsworth.

"We're a long way off our course, sir," he said.

The captain made some observations himself. There was no doubt about it. Somehow the Pacific Trader had wandered many miles south of where she should have been.

"Get Mr. Marshall," the captain ordered, and when the second officer appeared, demanded: "Your compass working all right?"

"It ought to be, sir. It was checked in San Francisco. Something wrong, sir?"

Mr. Edwards had just come up to take his watch. He went to see what was wrong. Just then there was a patter of footsteps in the wheel-house and a small face peered into the chart-room. It vanished in a twinkling, but the captain roared: "Come back here!"

A badly scared small boy came in slowly. "I—I came up to help Mr. Edwards steer the boat," he quavered.

The captain turned to Mr. Edwards. "What does this mean?" Tommy stared at the captain, petrified.

Mr. Edwards' face was very red. "He's been up here a couple of times, sir. He promised not to touch anything."

"Did you touch that compass, boy?" the captain bellowed. There was no reply.

"He's trying to shield me, sir," said Mr. Edwards. "I—I let him take the wheel for a moment. Tommy, you wouldn't tell a lie, would you? Did you touch the compass when you were up here?"

"No, sir," said Tommy. "No, sir, I didn't touch it. I—I just wanted to make Christmas c-c-come!" He reached into his pocket and drew forth his horseshoe magnet. Then he sobbed.

If you could steer the ship away from the Date Line maybe Christmas would come after all, he'd decided. He'd seen what his magnet did to his pocket compass. Maybe it would make the ship's big compass do the same thing if he stood close to it.

"Smart," the captain snapped. "Too smart for your own good, boy. Might have run my ship aground on a reef. Mr. Swenson, turn this boy over to the purser. He's to be locked in his room until further orders. Mr. Edwards, I'm going to log you for gross negligence and report it to the owners. Put the ship back on her course for Malatonga and resume full speed."

Locked in his stateroom, Tommy wondered fearfully what they would do to him. It must be as serious as piracy or mutiny on the high seas. He remembered stories where they'd hanged pirates and mutineers to the yardarm. He lay there in the darkness for hours, thinking of it, until he fell into a restless sleep.

When he woke it was morning and a steward with Tommy's breakfast on a tray was unlocking the door. He set the tray down and disappeared.

And this, Tommy reflected, was Christmas. Or was it? Maybe by this time the ship had crossed the Date Line and it was the day after Christmas. It didn't matter, anyway. It was no time to think of Christmas when they were getting ready to hang you at the yardarm.

At last another steward appeared. "The captain's compliments, sir, and you're to report to him in the lounge."

This was it. He must show the white feather. Flathead and the gang might know, some day. They must hear that he'd died like a man. His head was high and his lips were set grimly, so he wouldn't cry, as he walked into the large room.

All the passengers and most of the officers were there, talking and laughing.

At one side of the lounge was a fireplace with a chimney. It was made of cardboard painted red, but there was no doubt as to what it was. Near it stood a tree. It might have been an evergreen tree from the verandah cafe but now it was a real Christmas tree, covered with shining ornaments.

Beside the tree stood Santa Claus, long white beard and all. His eyes twinkled merrily at Tommy.

That wasn't all. Beside the tree were fabulous things—a shiny streamlined bicycle, a miraculous set of trains whizzing over a great stretch of track, a fingerprinting outfit of which any G-Man would have been proud, a kit for performing feats of magic and a lot of other mysterious packages.

A subtle aroma pervaded the place, filtering up from the galley, no doubt, with a guarantee of turkey and all the fixings.

All the people were looking at Tommy now and smiling. Mr. and Mrs. Adams were together. They looked happy now. Miss McMahon looked happy, too. Even Mr. Richardson was smiling, a rusty smile, as if it hadn't been used for a long time. Mr. Edwards and Mr. Marshall were there, grinning from ear to ear.

The captain had taken Tommy's hand, and was standing out in front of everybody. "I want to thank all of my Christmas party committee," he said. "You've done a fine job since morning."

"You did all right yourself, skipper," said one of the passengers. "Where on earth did you get the toys?"

The captain looked guilty. "There's a consignment of them in the hold going out to Wellington. Mr. Swenson and I broached cargo. That's a serious offence. I don't know what they'll do to us when we get back. Mr. Swenson thinks we'll get fired."

"No, you won't," said Mr. Richardson. "I'm a stockholder in this company. I'll take care of the damage myself." He cleared his throat. "I understand this young man has no one now—perhaps this will help."

HE

handed Captain Wadsworth a crisp piece of paper and the captain's jaw dropped. "This—this is very generous of you, Mr. Richardson."

"Not at all," Mr. Richardson growled. "Does me good to go to a Christmas party again. Kind of forgot what Christmas was like."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the captain, "this party's a little late. We had a few hours of Christmas this morning before we crossed the Date Line—but Christmas doesn't depend on date lines. Tommy Barnes decided what this ship needed was to steer a true course for Christmas and he steered it. I don't need to tell you what would have happened if he hadn't. Let's go ahead and show him how grateful we are!"

Then all the people began to clap and cheer. Tommy was still bewildered and dazed by it all, and now he failed in his resolve to be a man. He broke down and cried for sheer joy.

Someone's arms went around him. It was Mrs. Garrison, and Mr. Garrison was right behind her. Holding Tommy close she told him about the frantic radio message the Pacific Trader had received that morning from a freighter near Malatonga.

It said that a terrific typhoon had swept over Malatonga during the night and destroyed every living person and thing on the island, and all the ships in the harbor, and the freighter, miles away, had nearly foundered.

"You see, Tommy," said Mrs. Garrison, "if you hadn't changed this ship's course with your magnet we'd have been lying in the harbor of Malatonga when the typhoon came and we'd all have been drowned."

"What about Uncle Nick?" Tommy demanded.

Mrs. Garrison's eyes had tears in them. She said gently, "How would you like to be our little boy, Tommy? We haven't any little boy, you know, and we've always wanted one."

Tommy said he thought it would be fine. There was just one more thing bothering him. "What about those people in San Francisco?" he wanted to know. "The ones that told Captain Wadsworth to slow the ship down so there wouldn't be any Christmas. There was a Christmas and now they won't be able to put a story in the newspapers. Do you s'pose they'll lose their jobs?"

"I don't think so, Tommy," said Mr. Garrison, stroking the small head. "I have an idea they'll have a story that'll be heard all round the world!"

(Copyright)

Freckles

Tells How to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots and Have a Beautiful Complexion.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as **Kintha—double strength**—is guaranteed to remove these unsightly spots. Simply get an ounce of **Kintha** from any chemist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for the **double-strength Kintha**, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention. The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about a pint a day or about a pound of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood, causing nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pen and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent and scanty passages with smarting and burning show there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your chemist or store for **DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS**, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get **DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS** today—the remedy that will make you well and keep you well.

A little MISCHIEF

makes the party go . . . !



Only a fragrance . . . but a fragrance that's 'got something'. Makes you feel smart . . . makes you look gay . . . makes HIM feel romantic! Very chic . . . very 'interesting' . . . and not very costly. And it ALWAYS keeps fresh . . . on frocks, furs, undies, hankies.

SAVILLE'S Mischief



The romantic PERFUME that is always FRESH . . .

In swaggy black & silver flasks 6/9, 12/6, 27/6

TRIAL SIZE 2/9 Also in Smart Novelty Packs, 4/-

A RATION OF FUN



"I like your dress."
"I got it for my twentieth birthday."
"It has worn well, hasn't it?"

MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead



"Has anyone seen my hand? It had some parcels attached to it!"



MEDICAL OFFICER: Have you ever had any trouble with dyspepsia?
RECRUIT: Only once.
MEDICAL OFFICER: When was that?
RECRUIT: When I tried to spell it.



"Halt! Who goes there?"
"Army Chaplain."
"Advance Charlie Chaplin, and don't be so funny next time."

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"I THOUGHT you told me your salary was £5 a week."
"Oh, no! I said I earned £5, but I get only thirty shillings!"

THE bus conductor handed back the shilling to the lady passenger. "This coin is no good," he told her. "It's spurious."
"Ridiculous," she said, examining the coin. "Why, it's dated 1921. Surely it would have been noticed before this if it had been bad."

THE non-commissioned officer was amazed when the new recruit saluted him.
"My man," he said, "don't you know you needn't salute non-commissioned officers?"
"I know," replied the recruit, "but anything's good enough to practise on."

THE wireless in the commercial traveller's car had broken down, so he pulled up at a little shanty and asked a youth leaning against the fence for the latest war news.
As the lad blinked stupidly, he barked, "I suppose you know there's a war on?"
"Oh, yes," he replied. "My grandfather won the Boer War, my father won the Great War, and my brother left the other day to clean up this one."



"Here, if you two don't stop treading on my corns, there's going to be a fight!"



IT ISN'T USE THAT AGES A BATH

.... IT'S HARSH CLEANING!

When you see your nice new bath becoming scratched and damaged, blame harsh cleaning! A delicate porcelain surface was never meant to be harshly scoured. Vim's soap-coated grains clean smoothly and polish as they clean, keeping a lustrous easy-to-clean surface.



VIM REMOVES THE DIRT .. BUT SAVES THE SURFACE!

A LEVER PRODUCT

7.35.17

HALF awake HALF the time?

Get up in the morning half awake?
Sit about in the evening half asleep?
Eat your meals with half an appetite?

A tonic is what you need.
Refresh yourself with Kruschen Salts. A daily tonic of Kruschen is as bracing as a shower. Kruschen cleanses your stomach, washes out the kidneys, cleans out the poisons clogging your blood, makes a sluggish liver brisk, polishes up your digestion.

KRUSCHEN
The TONIC Salts

Kruschen does not form a habit, so there is never need to increase the dose—as much as will cover a sixpence, tasteless in tea, almost tasteless in hot water. 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at chemists and stores.

7.18.41

An Editorial

DECEMBER 20, 1941

OUR WOMEN ARE READY



THE women of Australia have been preparing since before the outbreak of war for the grim situation which now faces them.

Without very much official recognition or help they have been training in many useful fields—in signalling, transport, cooking, mapping, first aid, fire service, A.R.P., and so on.

They have done all this because they wanted to be part of any effort Australia might be called on to make here on her own soil.

They have ignored the facile optimism that would have told them not to bother because "nothing would happen here."

So that now there is a vast army of women who can be mustered to take a hand in the present job.

Their enthusiasm has not been dulled by the authorities' delay in calling upon them. They are ready for the call for volunteers for Australia's women's army; they are anxious to put their training to the test in any emergency.

It is a pity that at the outbreak of the Pacific War the women's army in Australia was no more than a handful of administrative heads.

Already the Government has announced that hundreds more women will be enlisted for army and air force duties.

This can only be a beginning of a widespread movement that will catch up the women of the nation in active war work.

The thousands of women who have given up precious leisure hours to train themselves for service can now be given their opportunity to release men for grimmer tasks made urgent through war in the Pacific.

It is a task for which the women of Australia are ready. Given the lead they will show the world a fighting and working spirit worthy of their country.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

THOSE little bits which you read to friends from letters from husbands, sons or sweethearts in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of the sections of letters which they think may interest others. £1 is paid for each extract published on this page.

Lieut. P. J. K. Cameron in Port Moresby to a friend in Sydney:

"SOME of the boys in the forces in Port Moresby, Papua, have struck rather an ingenious idea. One day some of the lads were saying how much more they looked forward to mail-day than they did to pay-day.

"One of them pointed to the social page of a prominent weekly. There right before him were the names and photos of several dozen debutantes.

"Here you are, lads," he spoke up, 'just to settle the matter let each of us put in a shilling, take the name and address of one of these debs., and write to her. The first to get a reply collects the money.'

"For an hour or more silence reigned in the huts while each fellow wrote his letter to the debutante he had chosen to be his correspondent.

"At long last the next mail-day arrived, and the sergeant with the mail was the most sought-after man in the camp.

"Letters were handed out, and within a few minutes there was a roar from one little fellow in the crowd.

"Whoopie! I've got it! I've got it," he cried. 'I've got one, too, put in another fellow.

"When the excitement died down it turned out that several fellows had received replies to their appealing letters.

"Some pretended that the only reason why they were pleased was that they would get a share of the money invested, but there was much more to it than that. Letters are treasured by all the lads up here on this lonely station.

"Replies have been greatly appreciated, and out of the number some great friendships have developed. Many of the correspondents entered into the spirit of the joke, and sent their replies back immediately."

Lt. T. J. McCabe in Southern Rhodesia to Miss B. Sutton, Kooloonong, Vic.:

"THE most wonderful of my experiences was seeing the Victoria Falls. Even photographs give no idea of their size and beauty.

"Imagine a broken wall of water nearly four hundred feet high, huge brown rocks and vivid green trees, incessant thunder which makes conversation difficult, clouds of spray so that, at times, the whole scene is shrouded as though in a veil, and occasionally the unbroken arch of a rainbow spanning the whole scene.

"At Livingstone a friend took us out on the Zambesi in a motor launch. It was close to evening and the mile-wide river looked very peaceful.

"Along its banks grew huge ferns, palms, low trees, all bound together by thick creepers, the real African jungle, dark and still.

"On a rock in the stream we saw a crocodile. Later, just as we were turning for home, we had our greatest thrill—two hippopotamuses, feeding in the low water near a palm island. Our host took the boat to within about a chain of them, and we were able to cruise round them."

Winnie the War Winner



"I brought him to study gorilla warfare, Major!"

Jack Wilson, one of three brothers serving with the A.I.F., to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wilson, of Gloucester, N.S.W.:

"AFTER hearing (and we hear many rumors here) that Herb's unit had been moved back in Palestine for a rest about 15 miles from me I set out hitch-hiking to investigate.

"When I reached the Pioneers' orderly room and asked for Herb Wilson, I was asked in return, 'Are you another brother?'

"Can you imagine my surprise?

"When I was told that both he and Stan were within 200 yards of me I left so hurriedly I nearly took the orderly room post with me, and the boys must have thought there was an air raid on.

"When I found Herb, he and Stan were sitting on his bed with their backs to me. Ted Simpson was also with them and saw me first. I signalled to him not to speak and I sneaked right up and put my hands over Herb's eyes, but I was so excited myself I cannot remember if he guessed correctly or not.

"Stan had found him only about 20 minutes before me—under a shower. Stan is camped closer to him than I.

"Well, did we have a great day! It is one day of this war I shall never forget.

"Herb looks real well and is still the same old chap. He was very modest about what he had gone through in Libya, but after hearing of their experiences from Ted and other mates he did his share and a little more, and Stan and I are mighty proud of him."

Sergeant L. H. Johnston to The Australian Women's Weekly:

"I AM sending an extract from our Carrier Platoon cookery book, inserted by Driver H. Cool, known better as 'Twinkle'.

"We all hope to see it published. If there's any dollar attached to it it may help the Red Cross, the backbone of the A.I.F.

"Tobruk flapjacks: Take some flour (when the quartermaster's not looking, of course), about four bully-beef tinsful, drain your waterbottle into it, and stir thoroughly with track pin until it looks like cement.

"Don't bother to pull the flies out, as the boys think they're raisins.

"Get a lump of cheese about the size of a tobacco tin, grind up well with nosecap of 75-pounder, mix well with other ingredients, then roll flat with the shell and cut out with jam tin.

"Slam a bit of margarine into the bottom of a petrol tin; an odd candle stump improves the flavor, but these are very scarce.

"Pour in mixture and cook till brown. Then eat while hot, as when they're cold they're not so hot."

Sig. D. E. Wheaton in Tobruk to his mother, Mrs. E. J. Wheaton, at Burnside, S.A.:

"IT is one of the other signallers' birthday to-day, and there is a bit of a celebration starting as from tea to-night. The cook has done his bit and produced sausage rolls, jam tarts, and pasties.

"I bet that is more than the first A.I.F. ever had in a front-line position.

"The evening festivities include a concert that will be broadcast via the phone lines throughout the battalion.

"Just at the present moment the phone choristers are rehearsing next door to the Signals office.

"Come to the Church in the Wild Wood seems to be their favorite, but they are also practicing 'Silent Night' and 'Little Brown Church in the Valley'.

"I have to sit here at the switchboard and tell them what their singing sounds like. They aren't too bad and as long as 'Jerry' doesn't prove a disturbing influence everything ought to pass over pretty good."

Pilot-Officer Jeffries in Egypt to his fiancée at Cottesloe, W.A.:

"DARLING, I shot down a Messerschmitt 100 the other day.

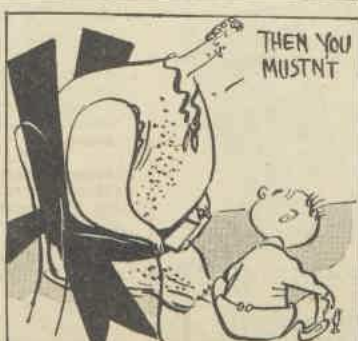
"There was nothing brilliant about my efforts. He was climbing up to his pals and I climbed underneath him and put a lot of bullets into his tanks, engine, and cockpit.

"He went down fairly slowly in a shallow dive with black smoke coming out behind him, and it burst into flames when it hit the ground.

"This is the first real dog-fight I've been in, and all my views on what a dog-fight would be like have been changed. There is no frenzied whirling around, firing as a plane crosses your sights. There is plenty of room for all, and it is quite hard to pick friend from foe, let alone get your sights on him.

"The air wasn't filled with planes, either. At one stage I couldn't see anyone, and I felt quite cold all on my own, expecting some spiteful Messerschmitt to whiz down unobserved and put a bullet into me."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By WEP



HOW YOU CAN HELP... Many organisations need volunteers

WHERE TO GO to offer your services NOW!

Across every tea-table, every office desk, every back fence, the women of Australia have been asking one another this week, "What are we going to do to help?"

Here is an attempt to answer your question as far as it can be answered at this stage of the situation. The first obvious answer is "Keep cool," but that's taken for granted.

FIRST immediate duty is to overhaul your preparations for possible blackouts.

If you're one of the many who sat in a darkened room during tests and did nothing else, don't delay in setting your house in order.

Go to the nearest warden; you'll know his house by the yellow plate on the gate, and he will give you expert advice.

He will tell you what windows to black out, and firms supplying blackout materials should supply you with a pamphlet showing how to use them.

The warden will tell you what to do in an air raid and give you a pamphlet of instructions.

He will tell you where the nearest raid-shelter is, if there is one nearby, and if not will tell you to stay in your own home or go into the nearest house.

Any protection is better than none, and the hall is the best spot in the house, because you will then have two walls for protection.

Look over the household first-aid kit.

It should contain half a dozen bandages, 2-inch and 3-inch wide, a triangle bandage, eyepatch, gauze, safety-pins, adhesive plaster, pair of scissors, pliers, acid, aspirin, tannafax, iodine, and cotton-wool.

See there is an electric torch in the house for blackout hours.

About food—don't hoard. It is

sensible to have normal adequate supplies in the pantry, but it is selfish and unpatriotic to grab at goods you fancy might become short.

You'll probably feel better and safer when you've done this much toward your family's safety.

Now to help others. Organisations were asked whether they needed extra helpers. Here are their answers, telling you where to go to offer your services:

Women can learn to extinguish incendiary bombs and deal with small suburban fires by attending classes which are conducted by the Deputy-Chief of the Fire Brigade, Mr. W. Beare.

More classes

CLASSES have been in progress for some time to train women to become efficient members of a Fire Auxiliary and recent events have hastened the organisation of additional classes.

Applicants should call at Fire Brigade Headquarters, 217 Castle-reagh Street, for personal interviews.

There are already 250 women fire-fighters in the metropolitan area. These women are qualified to take over the control of district fire stations should every available man be called out to fight fires caused by air raids.

Applicants for the Civil Nursing Reserve will be welcomed.

Miss E. F. Evans, general secretary of the Australian Trained



AUSTRALIAN WOMEN anxious to serve. Queuing up to register for Women's Army.

Nurses' Association, makes an appeal to any trained nurses who have not already volunteered their services to other organisations.

"We will need a strong reserve of nurses should there be an emergency," said Miss Evans. "This is a practical service women can render."

"Applicants need not be members of the A.T.N.A. Applications for the reserve can be made by calling at the office, 185 Elizabeth Street, or by ringing MA2931."

Mrs. Charles Walton, of the Australian Women's Flying Club, said: "There are vacancies in every section of our organisation."

"We have classes where women can be trained in wireless telegraphy, canteen-cooking, transport driving, mechanics, and storekeeping work."

"It should be remembered that the girl or woman qualified in these activities can immediately apply for service in the Women's Australian Auxiliary Air Force."

Classes in A.R.P. and first aid are in progress this week. For further information ring BW3321 or call at the A.W.F.C., 221 George Street, Sydney.

If you want to learn first aid and join a Voluntary Aid Detachment, inquire at Red Cross House, Jamieson Street, Sydney. You will be made a member of the detachment which is most convenient to your home. V.A.D.'s are needed.

A knowledge of first aid would be of help to your family and your neighbors should the country suffer air raids.

If you are willing to help in A.R.P., offer your services at the Chief Warden's office, Town Hall, or ask your nearest warden to tell you where to apply in your own suburb.

Drivers needed

IF you have a current driver's licence, and are aged from 21 to 45, you may enrol for training as an ambulance driver at the N.E.S. Ambulance Drivers' Headquarters, 71 Macquarie Street, Telephone B3003.

You must be prepared to do a course in motor mechanics, and first aid, unless you already hold a certificate.

After completing these courses and passing a practical lorry-driving test, you will be assigned to an ambulance park in the division in which you live.

The Women's Emergency Signalling Corps will take applications this week for 100 vacancies for girl trainees in Morse and visual signalling.

Girls should be preferably between 17 and 30. They should be educated to intermediate standard.

Business girls are preferred.

They must be of British parentage. Girls are wanted not only for the women's services, but to serve as instructors at headquarters, where already more than 4000 men in the fighting services have been trained.

Camouflage nets are essential in defence strategy. Therefore, the production of nets must continue at top speed.

Many workers are needed to make the nets by the National Defence League. Classes will continue over Christmas. Applicants should apply at the National Defence League, 12 Spring Street, B4898.

More drivers are also needed by this organisation as there are not yet sufficient women trained in transport work. The age limit is 18 to 43, and applicants should have a current licence for 12 months. They must be willing to drive wherever they are sent.

For further details ring the Transport Union, B2557, or call at 11 O'Connell Street.

CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR!

But you can get

SUNLIGHT FREE GIFTS

all the year round!

BY MY BEARD! THIS IS THE MOST HANDSOME PILLOWSLIP I'VE SEEN TONIGHT

BEATS A LOT OF YOUR GIFTS, SANTA! I GOT THAT FREE FOR SUNLIGHT WRAPPERS!

HEMSTITCHED AND EMBROIDERED PILLOWSLIP FREE for 42 SUNLIGHT WRAPPER-TOPS FROM 14 SUNLIGHT CARTONS

SIZE 21" x 31"

Many other gifts available. Write for latest list.

HOW TO GET YOUR GIFT:

Cut off the required number of wrapper-tops (the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap"—three in each carton). Take these to:

LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPT.

147 York St. (Town Hall End), SYDNEY.

If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, write on a small piece of paper your name, address and gift required, enclose with wrapper-tops and post to: SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT, LEVER BROTHERS PTY. LTD., BOX 4310FF, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

IMPORTANT: Uncertain conditions make this offer subject to alteration without notice.



SUNLIGHT'S PURE, RICH SUDS SAVE THE CLOTHES AND YOU GET QUALITY FREE GIFTS AS WELL.

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2GB PRESENTS...

the MACQUARIE THEATRE

GALA PRESENTATION

of

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S

World-famous Comedy

"The Doctor's Dilemma"

Produced by ALEC COPPEL

Sunday Night at 8

December 21

★

Dec. 28

"The Two Mrs. Carrolls"

Why I use NEW VEET



Ends SUPERFLUOUS HAIR in 3 minutes

- 1 New 'VEET' ends all unwanted hair in three minutes without trouble, mess or bother.
- 2 New 'VEET' leaves the skin soft, smooth and white, without trace of ugly stubble.
- 3 New 'VEET' is a delicate white cream—sweetly scented and pleasant to use.
- 4 New 'VEET' avoids coarse regrowth—unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker, 2/8 and 4/3 (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

★ FATHER TAKES A WIFE

Gloria Swanson, Adolphe Menjou. (RKO.)

THIS is Gloria Swanson's comeback film. Beautifully gowned, beautifully averted, Gloria still reveals that vivid personality that made her a front-rank star twenty years ago.

Aptly cast, Gloria handles well her role of stage actress, a woman in her forties, who marries wealthy Adolphe Menjou expecting to settle down to a quiet life. But Adolphe turns out to be the playboy, while his son, John Howard, is the serious one. It's amusing comedy.

Menjou gives a delightfully smooth portrayal. Dead Arnaiz, who sings two songs, appears as a South American who nearly causes the break-up of Gloria's marriage. Helen Broderick as the old maid in search of a husband adds good comical touches.—Century; showing.

★ MOB TOWN

Dead End Kids, Little Tough Guys. (Universal.)

DEAD END KIDS and Little Tough Guys again combine in this melodrama of a young policeman who tries to reform the youthful hoodlums on his beat.

You have some gangster thrills and the familiar tough brand of humor for which these youngsters are famous.

Dick Foran as the policeman is good. Anne Gwynne fairly attractive as the heroine. Of the boys, Billy Halop, playing the leader who holds Dick responsible for the death of his gangster brother, is especially fine. You'll like nine-year-old Darryl Hickman.—Victory; showing.

★ ANDY HARDY'S PRIVATE SECRETARY

Mickey Rooney, Kathryn Grayson. (MGM.)

PRINCIPAL attraction in this latest Hardy film is not Mickey Rooney or any other of the Hardy family, but Kathryn Grayson, 18-year-old newcomer with a delight-

ful singing voice and a charming personality. Her three songs will enchant you.

For the rest, this is routine Hardy stuff, with an emphasis on sentimentality rather than on humor. Mickey, playing Andy, graduating from High School, as captain appoints fellow-student Kathryn to act as his secretary; awakens Polly Benedict's (Ann Rutherford) scolding jealousy; gets involved in rather more serious trouble than usual, from which he is extricated by the Judge (Lewis Stone).

Mickey as the naive adolescent sets with customary assurance, but I do feel his lack of inches is becoming a really serious handicap.—St. James; showing.

★ BARNACLE BILL

Wallace Beery, Virginia Weidler. (MGM.)

ENJOYABLE comedy of the waterfront, this film casts Wallace Beery in a familiar Beery role.

He is the swaggering, devil-may-care fisherman who is always getting into trouble for not paying his debts—until his small daughter, Virginia Weidler, sets out to reform him.

Laconic, unsmiling Marjorie Main, as the storekeeper's daughter who lends Virginia a hand, makes

an excellent foil for Beery. Other good comedians are Donald Meek and Leo Carrillo—and a trained pelican whose antics are particularly amusing.

The tuna and sword fishing sequences are particularly interesting.—Cameo and Capitol; showing.

★ GREAT GUNS

Laurel and Hardy. (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

AFTER more than a year's absence, slapstick comedians Laurel and Hardy return to the screen as U.S. privates.

When millionaire Dick Nelson is drafted into the army his two faithful retainers, Laurel and Hardy, enlist to look after him.

All the familiar situations are here; the antagonistic sergeant, the peacetime field manoeuvres which are upset by the hopelessly incompetent pair, the pretty girl in charge of a store at the camp post, with whom the handsome hero is in love.

There are several rollicking episodes, however, so if you're a Laurel and Hardy fan you'll probably enjoy this film. It was directed by Gracie Fields' husband, Monty Banks, and he has introduced some novel touches.—Plaza; showing.

Here's hot news from all studios!

CABLED FROM HOLLYWOOD

By Barbara Bouchier, our special representative

WAR is overshadowing all Hollywood news to-day, but production goes on.

Only indoor studio scenes, however, are being shot. All location trips have been abandoned. Mob scenes have been cancelled, as the police who customarily aid in the handling of crowds are doing full-time duty in the city.

Immediately the news came through the studios revoked the Press passes of all Japanese correspondents. Some studios replaced Japanese help with negroes.

Players are carrying portable radios to the set where they listen in to the news bulletins between takes.

Among those people who are personally affected by the war are the Temples, who are anxiously awaiting news of Shirley's brother, twenty-two-year-old George Temple, who is serving with the marine air corps in Honolulu.

PARAMOUNT has granted a year's leave to Madeleine Carroll, who has made all arrangements to leave for England by Clipper in January, where she will join her parents. She plans to do war work there.

AS soon as her divorce from director Cedric Gibbons is made final in January, Dolores del Rio will marry Orson Welles. Pair have been close friends for more than a year. Dolores is thirty-five, Welles is twenty-six.

LAST week Jane Withers sustained concussion and cuts resulting from a fall on the set. After only three days hardy Jane is completely recovered.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY, who is Naval attaché at the U.S. Embassy in London, has arrived in New York, but may return to England before Christmas after attending conferences in Washington. He will make a flying visit to Hollywood to see his wife and children.

MGM is discontinuing bookings for the Garbo film, "Two-Faced Woman," until changes have been made to conform with the Legion of Decency requirements.

CHARLES CHAUVEL's Australian

Light Horse adventure film, "Forty Thousand Horsemen," which was shown with great success in New York, is supposed to have its premiere in Hollywood on Christmas Eve.

Our Film Gradings

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average.

★ BROADWAY LIMITED

Victor McLaglen, Marjorie Woodworth. (United Artists.)

MILDLY funny farce, "Broadway Limited," a Hal Roach production, gives you a series of crazy situations set aboard a train.

Story centres on a Hollywood trio—producer, actress, and secretary—en route to Manhattan, who borrow a baby as a publicity stunt.

Blonde newcomer Marjorie Woodworth as the star is most attractive, but needs a good deal more acting experience. Victor McLaglen (as the train's engineer), Zasu Pitts, and Patsy Kelly give familiar comedy portrayals.—Haymarket-Civic; showing.

Shows Still Running

- ★★★ Sun Valley Serenade. Sonja Henie, John Payne in enchanting comedy.—Regent; 3rd week.
- ★★★ Unfinished Business. Irene Dunne, Robert Montgomery in grand romantic comedy.—State; 2nd week.
- ★★ Kipps. Michael Redgrave, Diana Wynyard in appealing English drama.—Embassy; 3rd week.
- ★★ Magic in Music. Allan Jones, Susanna Foster in tuneful musical.—Prince Edward; 2nd week.
- ★ Rage in Heaven. Robert Montgomery in thrilling drama.—Liberty; 4th week.
- ★ Wild Geese Calling. Henry Fonda, Joan Bennett in only fair adventure romance.—Mayfair; 2nd week.

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FLIT

ALWAYS KILLS

The Movie World

December 20, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

15

Their first Christmas together

HOLLYWOOD'S newly-weds and all those recent proud parents are preparing to make Christmas, 1941, a fittingly joyous family affair.

• Their first home, on shady slope of Beverly Hills, will be ready by Christmas at express wish of Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul, six months wed. Deanna has already picked out spot for the Christmas tree in the as yet unfinished living-room. • Plum puddings are strung up in kitchen of Penny Singleton (Mrs. Robert Sparks), who cooked them herself. • Santa Claus will be introduced to Maureen Elizabeth, daughter of Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan, by fond father, who will probably have more fun than eleven-months-old daughter. • Rustic bliss will be realised by Bette Davis and husband Arthur Farnsworth, spending their first Christmas together on their just-completed Sugar Hill farm in New Hampshire. • Snowmen will enchant Christina, two years, and Christopher, 11 months, adopted children of Joan Crawford, who is taking chubby pair to her new home in New England for an old-fashioned white Christmas.



• Poinsettias, Hollywood's Christmas flowers, highlight this attractive picture of Ann Shirley, RKO actress. This year Ann and husband John Payne are having their first family Christmas at home with their baby daughter.

R.A.F. FUNDS PARTY

Organised by the
BASIL RATHBONES



● Garden gossip by Norma Shearer and the Fredric Marches who are off again to Broadway soon to do another play, although Warners tried to keep Fredric for the title-role in "Captain Horatio Hornblower."



● Famed singer Lotte Lehmann, soloist of the evening's open-air concert, discusses the programme with host Rathbone and Douglas Fairbanks, jun., who next day departed for the U.S. Navy.



● One good story after another was told at dinner by Ronald Colman to delight of wife Benita Hume. He's making an MGM film with Greer Garson soon.



● Loretta Young, whose lace frock was among the party's prettiest, has eyes only for husband Tom Lewis.



● Animated Charlie Chaplin—a rare sight—shouts his opinions of the theatre, above the babble of conversation, to Monty Woolley at the next table.



● Two famous orchestras, paid by unknown donor, played for the lavish crowd. Ging Simms is this lovely singer, while Kay Kyser, in background, leads his band.



● Late-comers the Herbert Marshalls (she was Lee Russell) look apologetic.



● Hungry Orson Welles and his adored Dolores del Rio, whose striking frock was made entirely of gold beads, puzzle over the selection of their buffet supper before going to the ballroom and dancing together for the rest of the evening.

Britain delivers the goods —
for Xmas

GIVE
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L501: Mitcham Lavender Liquid Bath Salts, sprinkler bottle, in gift carton. Price 2/8, as illustrated. Other sizes 1/10, 6/0, 10/3, 20/9.



L44A: Original Mitcham Lavender, sprinkler top bottle in gift box. Price 3/9, as illustrated. Other sizes priced at 1/3, 2/7, 7/4, 11/0, 14/2.



L110B: Shaving Bowl De Luxe in green or white moulded container, with a year's supply of shaving soap. In gift carton. Price 4/2.



No. 139: This Gift Set for men contains Shaving Stick, Talcum Powder and Liquid Brilliantine. Price 5/3.



No. 15: Solid Brilliantine and De Luxe Shaving Stick in this practical Gift Set for men. Price 3/5.



No. 21: Gift Set for men, with Shaving Cream, Liquid Brilliantine, Toilet Soap and Talcum Powder. Price 6/4.



No. 562: Liquid Brilliantine, Shaving Brush and Shaving Stick in this Gift Set for men. Price 10/9.



No. 11: Shaving Bowl De Luxe with Liquid Brilliantine in a welcome Gift Set for men. Price 6/4.

"Prices quoted above may be slightly increased owing to new sales taxes."

and for her



No. 13: Toilet Soap and Original Mitcham Lavender in an attractive Gift Set. Price 2/10.



No. 640: Original Mitcham Lavender, Bath Dusting Powder, Liquid Shampoo, Liquid Bath Salts and two cakes Toilet Soap in smart Gift Cabinet. Price 22/0.



No. 839: Gift Set containing Toilet Soap, De Luxe Talcum Powder, Original Mitcham Lavender, Face Powder and Bath Crystals. Price 19/5.



No. 340: This Gift Set contains Liquid Bath Salts, Face Powder, Toilet Soap and Original Mitcham Lavender. Price 9/5.



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SOUTH AMERICAN COMEDY



1 NEWS that American is impersonating him in stage turn brings famous Brazilian rake, Baron Duarte (Ameche) with neglected wife (Alice Faye) into Rio de Janeiro nightclub.



3 AMAZED at the resemblance between himself and Larry, the Baron has him brought to his table, where Larry's admiring attentions to the beautiful Baroness add fuel to Carmen's jealous fire. Philandering Baron meanwhile goes backstage in search of beautiful chorine.

★ ★ ★

AMECHE DOING DOUBLE DUTY

GLAMOROUS Rio de Janeiro is the setting for the Twentieth Century-Fox technicolor musical, "That Night in Rio," a companion piece to "Down Argentine Way."

Its plot, revealing more than a hint of Shakespeare, casts Don Ameche in a dual role, that of a rakish Brazilian baron-financier and of an American nightclub entertainer. Latter is so like the baron that he impersonates him, to the confusion of the baron's wife (Alice Faye) and his own South American sweetheart (Carmen Miranda).

Film is made to order for its stars, highlighting Miranda as a tempestuous singer in Latin-American songs.



5 THAT NIGHT at reception suspicious Carmen, guessing deception, hotly demands explanation.



4 WHEN financial crisis finds Baron missing, associates (Sakall, Bois), with wife have Larry impersonate him.



6 BUT Larry's troubles are seemingly over when the real Baron appears at reception, and secretly hustles willing Larry off.

Still the same Bergner...

EVERYONE was waiting for Elisabeth Bergner.

The ornate Paris apartment was ablaze with lights, while Basil Rathbone paced over the green carpet within the circle of the camera-range muttering his lines to himself.

Suddenly there was a slight flurry. Around the corner of the set came a tiny girl in a honey-beige coat and hat, carrying a paper cup.

"I am sorry to be so long," she apologised. "My hair was causing trouble." She flipped an expressive hand towards her long reddish bob. "It was all ready, when I forgot, and pulled my hat off."

"I am so clumsy," said Bergner gratefully, "but I am ready now." She walked into the scene, and started going over her lines with Rathbone.

By BARBARA BOURCHIER
in Hollywood

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

It was a tense scene. Rathbone as a high French official under Nazi domination was making love to his former sweetheart, Marianne. The girl, however, was now the head of a secret underground movement working against the Nazis.

This is the first picture Elisabeth has made without the guiding hand of her husband, Paul Canner. For almost a year she refused to consider any offer which would mean her working with another producer, but finally she has given in gracefully, while her husband concentrates on other work.

There was again some dissension over Elisabeth's hair. She wanted a wisp of a wave to hang coquettishly over her left eyebrow. The director disapproved.

"It softens my face," averred Bergner.

"It looks untidy," reproved Marlin. "Push it back."

Bergner sighed, but obeyed. If this film had been made in Europe she would have got her way. Tidiness would have given way to Bergner's stock in trade, that famous gamine look. But this is America, where a leading lady's hair must be in place.

After the scene I had a few minutes' chat with the tiny star. Her hair flopped over her forehead in its usual fashion as she perched on a step-ladder.

"The film is called 'Paris Calling,' and I think it will be a very exciting story as well as timely," said Bergner.

"Naturally, as this is my first American picture, I am anxious for it to be a success. But with such a splendid story, with actors like Basil and Randolph Scott—I am confident it will be."



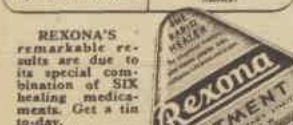
7 NOW the Baroness is on spot, for she cannot check which Baron is which.

UGLY RED HEAT RASH DISAPPEARS



For weeks I'd been looking forward to a "Six." With only 3 days to go, an ugly red heat rash broke out on my back and arms.

Bitterly disappointed, I told my friend I couldn't come. "Don't be silly," she said, "why don't you try Rexona Ointment?"



Not expecting too much, I used Rexona that night. Next day the rash had died down a little, so I kept on with Rexona.



1/7 in the green triangular tin (3 times the quantity 3/2)



O.24.37

WRITER IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

Capricornians, get busy! You now come into the zodiacal limelight. So be ready to capitalise your opportunities.

THE zodiacal sign Capricorn the Goat now takes the place of Sagittarius the Archer.

People born between November 23 and December 22 should therefore hasten to get all important changes and ventures started or completed, while those born between December 22 and January 20 should get routine work out of the way and begin to plan for changes and new enterprises in the near future.

Sagittarians are inclined to rush things, and spoil them through rashness, impatience, and irresponsibility. But Capricornians are usually cautious, shrewd, extremely patient, and far-seeing, and will plan ahead and work diligently to bring their projects to fruition. Their persistency gains them success.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Possibilities of good fortune this week, but you must plan well and work hard for them. December 17 (forenoon) poor; (from noon to 1.30 and round dusk) good; for starting new ventures. December 18 (between 8 and 10 a.m. and from 4 to 6 p.m.) good. December 20 (forenoon) poor.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): An unspectacular week, but begin now to plan for the near future when your affairs can improve considerably. Meanwhile, December 20 (mid-afternoon and late evening) fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Be on guard against losses, partings, upsets, and disasters. December 17 (forenoon), December 18 (early), December 22 (noon after midnight), and December 23 (afternoon) difficult. Routine work wise. December 22 (early afternoon) best of the week for really urgent matters.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): Not a spectacular week, yet urgent affairs should receive attention so that they will not need pressure during the coming weeks of possible difficulty. December 20 (forenoon), December 18, and December 22 (around sunset) poor. December 20 (afternoon and around midnight) best.

LEO (July 22 to August 24): December 17 (before dawn) very good; (forenoon) poor; (between 11.30 a.m. and 1.30 p.m. and between 5 and 7 p.m.) splendid possibilities. This is also so on December 18 (between 8 and 10 a.m. and from 4 to 6 p.m.). Dec. 21 and 22 can be poor.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Be on guard this week, especially on December 17, 18, and 21. But begin now to plan ahead for the ventures you wish to start, the changes you want to make, and the others to be asked. Good weeks are just ahead.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Be quick to utilise for modest advancement. December 18, midday and dusk hours of December 20, forenoon and dusk hours of December 21, around midnight and from 1 to 4 p.m. on December 22. Thereafter like things very quiet for several weeks.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): December 22 (between 7 and 10 a.m.) good, but otherwise be cautious that day. Also on December 21 (to 2 p.m.) and December 22 (late). Plan for moderately helpful weeks just ahead.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Splendid possibilities on December 17 (around dawn or between 11.30 a.m. and 1.30 p.m. and 5 and 7 p.m.). But be cautious during forenoon, December 18 (during forenoon and around sunset) very good, too. Plan to start waiting ventures, or make changes and seek promotion and gains.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Good weeks ahead for most Capricornians, so plan wisely and be ready to act if opportunity knocks. Meanwhile December 20 (afternoon and around midnight) very fair, and December 21 (from 7 to 10.15 a.m.) very good.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Fair for many Aquarians on December 17 (between 11.45 a.m. and 1.30 p.m. and 5 and 7 p.m.), December 18 (forenoon or sunset hours), December 21 (around midnight only), and December 22 (mid-afternoon only).

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Difficulties will very likely predominate for you on December 17 (midday) and December 18 (before sunrise and during the evening) as keep to routine. Things improve considerably on December 23 (between 7 and 10.15 a.m.), so plan to start your enterprises then, and to improve on things generally during the weeks ahead.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 On sale at all newsagents Price 6d



• Dusty-yellow coolie hat worn way back on the head and anchored with a swathed green jersey turban. (Left.)

• Narrow, Oriental slacks in natural bamboo color are offset with a three-quarter-length coolie jacket in Chinese lacquer-red. Green suede shoes add further color. (Right.)

INSPIRATION from CHINA

• One of the most important styles for the season ahead, the Chinese silhouette brings back the slashed skirt with the straight, slim silhouette. This dramatic evening coat is distinctly Oriental in style and is worn over a pencil-slim, contrasting gown. (Above.)

• Sleekly-tailored slacks in mustard-yellow knoppe linen topped by a trim, buttoned jacket in royal-blue. With it a coarse straw coolie hat. (Top centre.)

• Intricately carved wooden soles that provide surprising support and comfort and are anchored to the feet with criss-crossing royal-blue ties.

• Inspired by the antique Chinese head-dress is this flirtatious cocktail cap of yellow lacy straw braid wreathed in veiling and with clumps of tiny blossom for flower pads. (Left.)

• Classically simple coat of bamboo sheer wool designed on princess lines and garnished with narrow bands of red and green. With it a green felt hat. (Left.)

• Sensational house-coat in heavy royal-blue linen with nipped-in waist and flaring skirt. Inset panels of pastel-blue appliqued with Chinese motifs and bands of crisp white linen add to the clever effect. (Left.)

• For formal evenings, the straight silhouette is interpreted in delicate china-blue silk crepe with long tunic and slashed skirt highlighted with bands of silver beads. (Right.)



AFTERNOON in SUMMER



● Simple little frock in black-and-green printed crepe achieves fashion distinction with a four-tiered skirt. With it a black cartwheel hat in fine straw, wreathed in veiling.



● Jaunty suit of black silk tulle with a shell-pink waistcoat-blouse of the same material. It is worn with a flattering off-the-face hat of black felt garnished with heavy pink lace.



● Trimly-tailored suit in navy-blue heavy silk crepe, saddle-stitched in white. The navy blouse is trimmed with white pique pleated bows to match tip-tilted white panama hat. (Above.)

LADY CAROLYN HOWARD is in the Transport Service

—but though working day and night, she keeps her skin glorious with Pond's two creams.



Lady Carolyn Howard is the daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, and is one of the loveliest of the many young society women engaged in war work. Before the war her chief interest was in the theatre. Now she is a motor driver in the A.T.S.

QUESTION TO LADY CAROLYN HOWARD:

How long have you been using Pond's two creams, Lady Howard?

ANSWER:

I started using them long before the war, and was really amazed at their splendid effect on my skin. They have done more for my skin than elaborate beauty treatments. They made it much softer and finer. I'm simply thrilled at the result.

The World's loveliest women follow this simple Pond's method. It can bring your skin new loveliness.

For thorough skin cleansing, use Pond's Cold Cream every night and morning and during the day whenever you change your make-up. Pat it on generously, leave it on a few minutes, then wipe it off with cleansing tissues. Pond's Cold Cream

removes every bit of dust and stale make-up . . . keeps your skin flawlessly lovely. Then use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base and skin softener. This delicate cream holds powder smoothly for hours, and protects your skin from the roughening effects of sun and wind. Apply Pond's Vanishing Cream last thing at night before bed.



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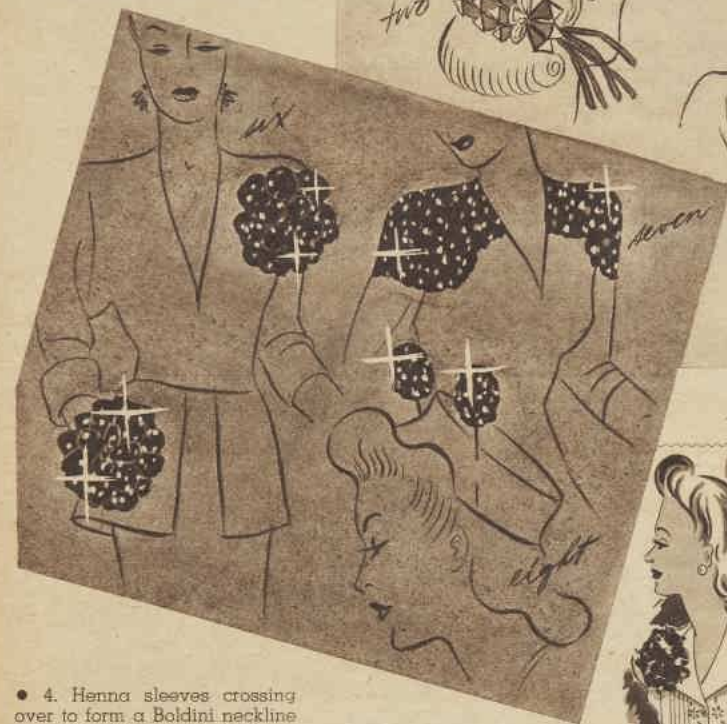


● Sophisticated style of black silk sheer with a cascade of drapery down the front. The brim of the black picture-hat is made of layers and layers of stiffened tulle and it is tied on with floating streamers of the tulle. (Left.)

Inspirations from New York
... Sketched by Petrov.

... SENSE and nonsense

- 1. The cape epaulet done in white cotton daisy lace.
- 2. Spray of folded satin ribbon flowers with velvet leaves pinned in the hair.
- 3. White felt hat and a bag set with green crochet and a huge quill in the hat.



- 4. Henna sleeves crossing over to form a Boldini neckline highlight a white frock.

- 5. Black satin drum bag with wide sash handle and gold metal ends to the cartridge rolls.

- 6. Heavy white crepe dinner suit with two huge black pall-ette flowers climaxing jacket.

- 7. Slim evening gown of heavy white silk crepe with a sparkling yoke of jet.

- 8. Youthful white pique pill-box that is anchored with two hatpins that are topped by clusters of black sequins.

Fragile little blouse

THIS exquisitely dainty blouse is now available from our Needlework Department, traced ready to sew and embroider.

You can take your choice of white embossed sheer or sheer linen in white, tussore, blue, lemon, pink, and green; or crepe-de-chine in white, rose, sky-blue, gold-dust, pastel-pink, pale sage, mauve and apple-green.

The design features a new type of yoke treatment, the vest effect trimmed with fine tucking. The embroidery transfer decorates the edge of the yoke and the edge of the sleeve cuffs.

Sizes 32 to 38-inch busts, prices are as follows:

In sheer or sheer linen: 32 and 34-inch, price 8/3, plus 6d. postage; 36 and 38-inch, price 8/11, plus 6d. postage.

In crepe-de-chine, 32 and 34-inch, price 12/11, plus 6d. postage; 36 and 38-inch, 13/11, plus 6d. postage.

Paper pattern of the design is also available for 1/4. Transfer, 1/6.



166. If you are having clothes problems, you will love this crisp blouse to team with odd skirts.



165

165. Make this trim little waistcoat for yourself and bring new life to your summer suits.

Smartly-tailored waistcoat

THIS trim waist-blouse makes a most delightful addition to a summer wardrobe. It is traced on embossed white sheer or sheer linen in white, tussore, blue, lemon, pink, and green, and crepe-de-chine in white, rose, sky-blue, gold-dust, pastel-pink, pale sage, mauve, and apple-green. The design is simple, and the dainty embroidered front gives final chic. Five fine tucks each side of the front, a turn-back collar, and a set-in, extended sleeve are charming features. Made in sizes 32 to 38-inch busts. The prices are as follows:—

In embossed sheer or sheer linen: Sizes 32 and 34-inch, price 7/11; 36 and 38-inch, price 8/6, plus 6d. postage.

In crepe-de-chine, 32 and 34-inch, 13/11; 36 and 38-inch, 14/11, plus 6d. postage.

Paper pattern of the design is also available for 1/4. Transfer, 1/6.

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F3293. — High-waisted style designed on slim-making lines. 38 to 44 bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide, and 1yd. braid. Pattern, 1/7.

F2189. — Nonchalant suit with long jacket and sleekly-tailored air. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds. and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2190. — Smart maternity cape for mothers-to-be. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2191. — Tailored bare-midriff swimsuit with quaint sarong skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F2192. — Frock with high waist and whirling skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2193. — The classic button-down-the-front style. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2188

F2190

F2191

F2192

F2193

F2189

F3293



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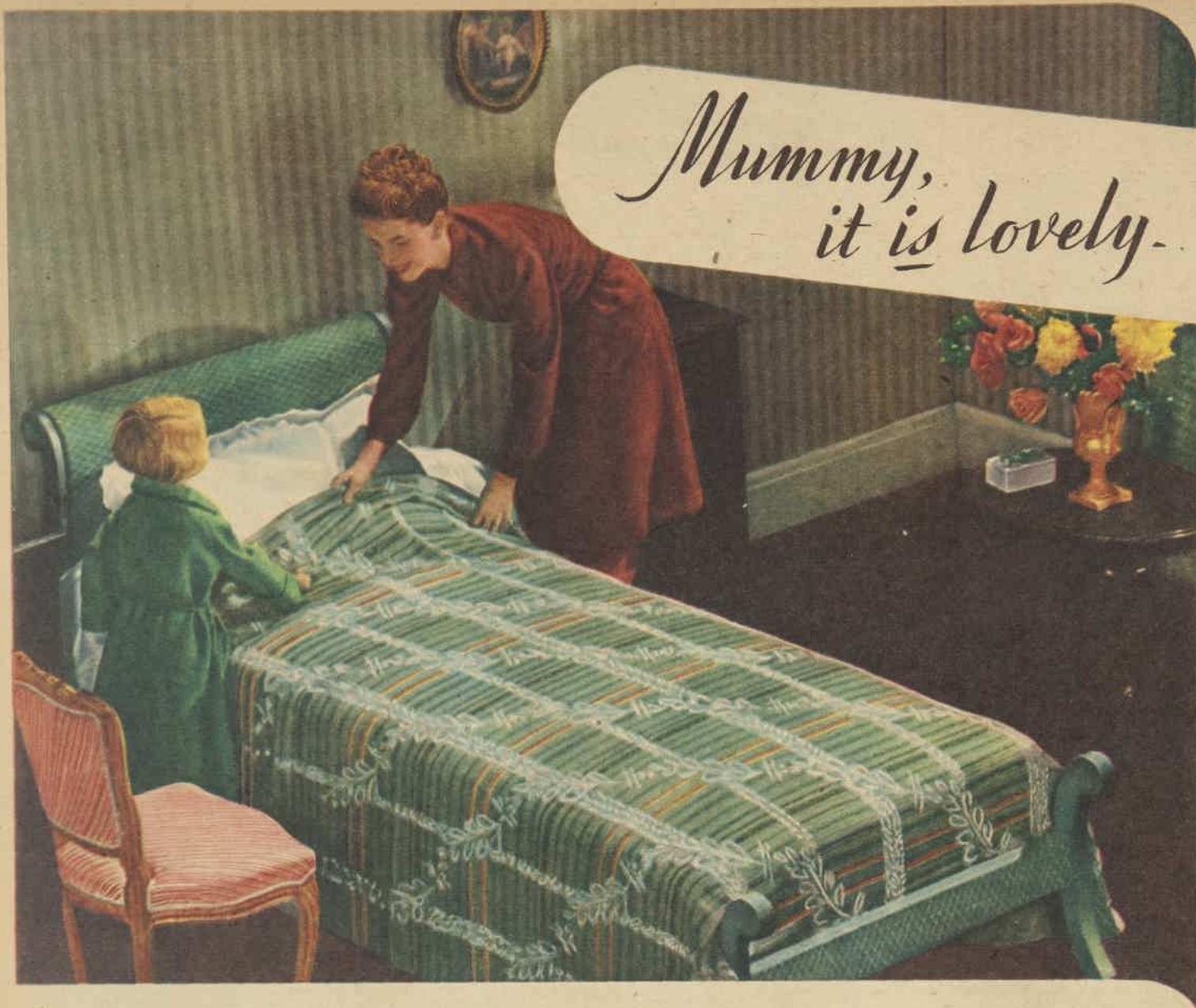
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"YES!" says Mummy, "it is". She is very proud of her bedroom, now that she has bought her new Vantona 'Court' series Bedcover, and realises anew how important is the covering for a bed in a bedroom.

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The down quilt is now worn under the Bedcover.



Buy extra Bedcovers and have curtains to match.

Issued by Vantona Textiles Limited, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

New Year wedding . . .

HOLIDAY in Sydney this month for Helen Kelly, of Booroomugga, Nyngan, who will stay with Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Macadam at Darling Point.

Helen will be busy making plans for her wedding with Reg Macadam, which is to take place early in the New Year . . . Margaret Macadam and Margaret Kelly to be bridesmaids.

Also at Macadam household will be daughter, Mrs. F. J. Crichton, at whose wedding a year ago Helen and Reg announced their engagement.

Book of verse . . .

ANOTHER book of verse this year by Miriam Edwards—better known in musical circles as Miriam Hyde.

Delightful titles which I remember are "Poplar Tops," "Under the Cedar Tree," "Whispered Thoughts," and "Grecian Frieze."

Most of them have been written since husband, Marcus Edwards, went abroad with the A.I.F. . . . some in Sydney and others while visiting her parents in South Australia.

Night in Mexico . . .

IN spare time off duty from Air Force House, thirty voluntary helpers there have spent two months preparing for "Night in Mexico" dance at Grace Auditorium.

Committee, headed by Gloria Larsen, Joan Barrett, and June Adams, wear attractive Mexican costumes, some lent by Acting-Consul Carlos Zalapa . . . vivid posters borrowed from American Trade headquarters provide colorful decorations.

Party for presents . . .

ENOUGH money to buy Christmas presents for 300 children of air-men prisoners of war and Bradfield Park men is aim of committee arranging R.A.A.F. Bradfield Park Ball at Grace Auditorium.

Success of children's party this Friday seems assured as all tickets sold several days before dance . . . parcels to be posted to country and interstate youngsters who can't attend.

Party is idea of three bachelors . . . L.A.C. A. Maurice, A.C.I. R. Macgregor, and Sergeant Peter Buchanan. They have able help from latter's sister, Joan Buchanan, and Ren Henderson. A.C.I. Macgregor delights guests, in between dances, with his well-known ventriloquist act.

Official guests include Bradfield C.O., Wing-Commander A. W. L. Ellis, and Mrs. Ellis, Squadron-Leader and Mrs. W. E. Gardner, Flight-Lieutenant and Mrs. C. F. Ronalds, Flight-Lieutenant A. R. Gorrie, Flying-Officer J. Cranitch, Pilot-Officer B. Matear, and Mr. and Mrs. Noel McIntosh.

Christmas plans . . .

THE L. H. Martins, of Hunter's Hill, who had planned Christmas holidays at Palm Beach in their yacht, Janet, have now changed their destination and will take son Graham and daughter Janet to Middle Harbor. Frances Griffen, schoolfriend of Janet, will accompany them.

With daughters Joan, Jill, and Shirley, the Wyn Roberts' plan to spend Christmas at their Terrigal home. Shirley is on holidays from Frensham, and Jill has just left Hopewood House.

First night . . .

FIRST night at Minerva of "The Man Who Came to Dinner" swells funds for Prisoners of War Appeal . . . all proceeds together with salaries of actors, actresses, executive and stage staffs donated to Red Cross.

Lady Gowrie pays first visit to Minerva, and Lady Wakehurst also attends . . . groups of V.A.'s sell attractive floral posies to feminine audience and buttonholes for their escorts. Lady Kater and Mrs. Penfold Hyland in charge of flower-selling.

Edwin Styles plays name part, and American comedian Wayne Froman, who has played with Marx brothers in America, takes the Harpo Marxish role in the play . . . character part for Katie Towers, who returns to stage for first time after long illness.

Space unlimited . . .

ACCOMMODATION for extra guests at Christmas Cheer party this Wednesday, arranged by members of New Zealand auxiliary war unit, will be easily attended to . . . party is to be at Thorne's cafe, 14 Martin Place, and as unit rooms are on the same floor overflow will find games set up there as well.

"We've planned everything we can possibly think of," says honorary organising secretary, Mrs. Linda Ferguson, "games, competitions, novelties, ballet, and dancing."

Chairman, Mr. A. R. Cameron, receives guests who include N.Z. Trade Commissioner and daughters Enid and Betty Taylor, liaison officer Major John Mothes and Sergeant R. Medland.

Yuletide atmosphere provided by huge Christmas hamper (turkey donated by Mrs. W. R. Keil, cake and wine by Mrs. Hammond Meredith, and pudding by Mrs. H. Cooley).

Cardboard shoe . . .

VERY youthful guests find much to delight them at the Christmas party on lawns of Elaine, Double Bay, home of Mrs. Hubert Fairfax.

All manner of attractions planned for them from a Punch-and-Judy show, slippery slide, pony rides on beach, lucky dips, to a huge cardboard shoe . . . fitting home for the nursery rhyme, "Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe."

Concert in drawing-room at night follows party. All proceeds for Adult Deaf and Dumb Society.

Surprise engagement . . .

SUPER diamond cluster ring for Ailsa Coffill . . . surprises guests at sister Betty's wedding to Robert Roberts by announcing engagement to A.C.2 Oswald Gill.

Very short engagement . . . wedding is to be as soon as Os. can get leave from R.A.A.F. Ailsa bridesmaid at Betty's wedding, so latter plans to change roles and be matron of honor when her sister is married.

They catch the eye . . .

SILVER kid leaves trimming scarlet blouse worn by Bettina MacPhillamy with oyster-grey dinner skirt.

Waist-length beige velvet falling from Mrs. John Hawkes' picture hat of beige straw trimmed with huge cream roses at centre-front.



• VOLUNTARY workers Lesley Curtis and Beryl Craig at Red Cross Transport Depot busy with country messages for men returning from overseas.



• BIRTHDAY CAKE admired by Adelaide visitor Mrs. R. V. Thomas (left) and Mrs. Charles Walton at South Australian women's party for comforts funds.



• MRS. DICK ALLEN sells jewellery at Mrs. Victor White's treasure store in aid of Red Cross Dream House.



• TOYS FOR SALE. Pauline Larcombe (left) and Mrs. Keith Barry help at Christmas shop for Free Kindergartens.



• FIFTH YEAR medical students Betty Bardsley (left) and Thirza Alexander act as demonstrators at University exposition of medical sciences, aid war funds.



• AT THEATRICAL garden party, Wyldeside Gardens, in aid of A.A.M.C. funds, popular stars Marie Burke and Viola Wilson (Mrs. Frank Tait).



• GIRL GUIDE Marie Acherley and supervisor Mrs. Alec Raven attend to bandages at No. 9 First Aid Post, City.



• AT CRO'S, Mesdames Hartley Cook, Charles Brown and Ashley Buckingham at party aid Food for Babies' Fund.

Continuing . . . Crown Case

from page 5

"NOT much. She seemed surprised when she saw the body. But that might have been acting. She certainly isn't going to keep her eyes red over his death. Masson, find the bathroom, see if there's any bottle or glass there smelling of almond. Then go outside, and search round to make sure that nothing's been thrown from one of these windows."

"Very good, sir."

Peake studied the various odds and ends which had been taken from the dead man's pockets. In a few moments there was a light tap on the door, and a young man, wrapped in a dressing-gown, came in. He saw Lorrimer's huddled body at once, and stopped abruptly.

"What—what is it?" he faltered. "Your father's dead," said Peake curiously. "Poisoned. About midnight."

"You mean—murdered?" "Perhaps. You weren't very good friends, were you?"

"No. We weren't good friends." The young fellow pushed a lock of hair away from his eyes with a trembling hand. "No one was his friend. If you ask Madge, she'll tell you how he treated us. He was always at me because I couldn't pass my examinations. Called me lazy. Degenerate. Yes, he used that word once. I'd have cleared out long ago if it hadn't been for Madge."

"He was just as bad with her. Made her life a misery. Married him for his money. It was all he ever thought about. Money, money, money! But I didn't poison him, and I don't know who did. If you don't believe me—"

"Are you his heir?" "I suppose so. I don't know."

"What time did you see him last?"

"When he went up to bed, just before eleven last night."

"All right. Go and get dressed. Don't mention this to anyone."

Again he watched the door close. "That boy's lying," he murmured after a moment.

"I thought so, too," said Fraser. "Not a doubt about it. Robert Lorrimer seems to have been a

rather unpleasant sort of bloke. We'll have a word with his partner, Herbert Cann, as soon as— Ah! Here you are, Staveley. Get Mr. Cann along here, please. Don't tell him why."

It was not long before Herbert Cann, ruffled and dishevelled, obviously straight out of bed, came into the room. He was a man of about forty, thin and sharp-featured.

"Now, Mr. Cann," Peake said, after explaining the situation, "you'll see that, until this case is cleared up, suspicion must rest on everyone in the house. I take it you were downstairs with the others when Lorrimer came up to bed. You didn't see him again?"

"That's right, Inspector."

"Do you often spend the week-end here?"

"I— This is the first time."

"That doesn't sound too good, does it?"

"No." Cann's thin throat jerked as he swallowed hard. "I'd better tell you the truth. You'd find it out, anyhow. As a matter of fact, Inspector, Lorrimer's death just now is the best thing that could have happened to me."

"Go on."

"I've been in financial difficulties. He was using this to squeeze me out of the business. He knew well enough I could put things right if only I had a little time. But he was forcing my hand. He made me come here this week-end to talk over the details of a dissolution of partnership. He was buying me out at a figure he knew I'd be compelled to accept."

"Thank Heaven, I didn't sign anything yesterday. I'll be all right now."

"You may be," agreed Peake dryly. "Well, get dressed. But don't leave the house, please. He opened the door. "Mr. Roscoe now, Staveley."

Philip Roscoe was a wide-shouldered, athletic young fellow, with blunt, honest features. Peake smiled sardonically as he repeated the information he had given to Cann.

"Do you often spend week-ends here?" he asked.

"Quite frequently."

"You are—pardon me—in love with Mrs. Lorrimer?"

"That no business of yours."

"Did Lorrimer know of it?"

"Why! Confound you— But what's the good?" Roscoe's mouth tightened. "Yes, he did know. And he was beastly to her because he knew."

"You'll not be unduly worried about his death, then?"

"You're a vile mind. But you're right."

"Thanks, Mr. Roscoe. No more just now."

The ambulance arrived, and Dr. Fraser departed with his grim charge. Soon afterwards Masson came in to report that his search had been unsuccessful.

"That's hardly surprising," said Peake. "There's been no hint of anything out of the ordinary happening yesterday which might have caused him to decide suddenly on suicide. I can't believe he'd kill himself in the middle of getting rid of an unwanted business partner."

"Go on."

"I've been in financial difficulties. He was using this to squeeze me out of the business. He knew well enough I could put things right if only I had a little time. But he was forcing my hand. He made me come here this week-end to talk over the details of a dissolution of partnership. He was buying me out at a figure he knew I'd be compelled to accept."

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up then. I could see you at half-past six to-morrow evening, if you like."

"All right. Book that."

Some time during the afternoon, taking a breather, Peake wandered out into the garden. His footsteps on the springy turf made no noise. Approaching a rustic summer-house at one corner of the lawn, he heard voices. Without hesitation, he crept nearer and listened. In a moment he realised that he was eavesdropping on Henry Glaister and Madge Lorrimer.

"I suppose I oughtn't to talk like this," Glaister was saying. "But what's the use of being a hypocrite? I'm glad Robert's gone."

"You shouldn't say that, Henry."

"I know. But there it is, Madge. I think you know that I've loved you for a long time. When—when things have quietened down, will there be a chance for me?"

There was a long pause before Madge Lorrimer spoke.

"I'm sorry, Henry," she faltered then.

"You mean that you—you don't care?"

"Oh, Henry, how can I explain? I've never realised until now just how horrible it is. I've tried to be nice to you—but only so that Robert wouldn't suspect that I was being nice to someone else."

"Oh! Again there was a pause."

"Philip Roscoe?"

"I love him, Henry."

"Did he put Robert out of the way?"

"Oh, you know he didn't! You know he wouldn't do such a thing. It—it's not fair of you to suggest it, even in joke. It's getting chilly, isn't it? Shall we go in?"

Peake crept away, wondering if he could place any reliance on what he had heard. It certainly didn't sound as though Madge Lorrimer knew anything about the death of her husband. And if Philip Roscoe had planned it, surely she would have known.

The inquest next morning was no more than a formality. When it was over, Peake sought out Dr. Fraser.

"I'm stumped," he confessed. "One of those folks did it, but I can't rake up a scrap of proof against any one of them. We've got to get away from the ordinary methods of working. Here's something that's been on my mind this morning. How was Lorrimer persuaded to take that poison? Wouldn't he be suspicious if he smelt it?"

"It might have been in a capsule of a pill."

"I think I will." Accompanied by the faithful Masson, Peake carefully examined Robert Lorrimer's body. There was not the slightest indication that any force had been used.

Together the two men scrutinised the clothes which Robert Lorrimer had been wearing when he died. They found nothing except a tiny blob of what looked like chalk, adhering to the coat just inside the lapel.

"What's this, do you suppose?" asked Peake, carefully detaching the tiny fragment.

"Dunno," said Masson. "It can't have anything to do with the murder. Still, I'll take it along to the laboratory, and see what they can tell me."

The chemist in charge of the laboratory smiled when Peake produced the chalky white pinhead.

"Generous with your material aren't you?"

"It's all I have. When can you let me have a report on it?"

"Come back this afternoon. Say about five o'clock."

No purchases of cyanide could be traced to anyone at Redcourt. No clues of any sort or description. At five o'clock Peake, feeling baffled, went back to the laboratory.

"This is a kind of cement that dentists use," reported the chemist. "Oh!" Peake was disappointed.

"Lorrimer visited his dentist on Saturday. That blob would drop on his coat then."

"I don't doubt whether I could have brought the original crime home to him. But now—" The smile broadened. "Can't be serious, eh? Come and watch me arrest him!"

"(Copyright)

"EVIDENTLY, it's a synthetic product, of course, but I can find out its name and who manufactures it, if you want. The feature about it is that it dissolves in twelve to fourteen hours."

"Never mind the name," said Peake. "It's no use to me."

A little later, however, it occurred to him that there might be some significance in the fact that this speck of material he had found on Robert Lorrimer's coat would dissolve in twelve to fourteen hours. Going back to the mortuary he examined the dead man's teeth. One of them had been hollowed out, obviously with a dentist's drill.

"I'll see what Cunningham thinks of that," he muttered.

His own dentist was frankly puzzled by the tooth.

"It's prepared for a crown," he said. "But no one would send a patient out in that state. There'd be a temporary dressing or something of the kind."

Peake's eyes narrowed. "Suppose a dentist had put a crown on this, but by mistake he'd used the wrong stuff—that stuff which dissolves in twelve to fourteen hours?"

"The result would be just what what you have here, of course. But no dentist could make such a mistake."

"You're right," said Peake. "He couldn't. Excuse me if I dash off now."

He took a taxi to the Stevenson Clinic. As he ran up the broad flight of stairs outside, he met Philip Roscoe coming out.

"Hello," said Philip, with a twisted smile. "Still sleuthing?"

"Is Glaister in?"

"Yes. He's just been attending to me. Hurt like fury. Thank heaven I'm finished for a while."

"What's he been doing to you?"

Peake demanded.

"Crowning a back tooth."

"Come on! I want you."

Seeing his surprised companion by the arm, Peake hurried him down the steps to the waiting taxi, and told the man to drive to Cunningham's surgery. He refused to say a word on the way, and fidgeted impatiently in the waiting-room until the dentist came in.

"Mr. Roscoe's just had a tooth crowned by Henry Glaister at the Clinic," he said. "I want you to look at it."

"Oh, I can't interfere—"

"This is no time for fooling. Look at it, I tell you."

Cunningham's face grew puzzled as he put a mirror into Philip Roscoe's mouth.

"I can't understand this," he murmured. "It's a perfect crown. But it's made of—"

"The stuff that dissolves in twelve to fourteen hours?"

"Yes."

"Get it out. But plug his mouth so there's no danger of him swallowing anything. And for the love of Mike, be careful! This is life or death, Cunningham."

At the first touch of the dentist's drill the crown shattered, and a tiny capsule rolled from it on to the protecting pad of cotton-wool. Gingerly Cunningham extracted the capsule with a pair of forceps and held it up.

"You've got me guessing, Inspector," he said. "I haven't the faintest idea what this is."

"I have," said Peake. "It's pure hydrocyanic acid—from the laboratory at the Stevenson Clinic. That's the way Robert Lorrimer was murdered."

Philip Roscoe sprang up. "You can't be serious, Inspector!"

"Can't I? When I go back to the Clinic I'll be the most serious man in England. Glaister wanted Lorrimer's wife. He'd no idea she was—well, spoken for. He devised this cunning way of removing the obstacle. Whatever happened to anyone else, no suspicion could possibly fall on him because Lorrimer would die twelve to fourteen hours after the poison was inserted in his mouth."

"Both crown and capsule would dissolve imperceptibly, and he'd never know anything had happened. Glaister knew he was safe as soon as he came to the house yesterday morning. But he found out in the afternoon that he hadn't a chance with Mrs. Lorrimer, that you stood in the way. So he decided to get rid of you, too." Peake's smile was very sardonic.

"He's given himself away in doing it. I doubt whether I could have brought the original crime home to him. But now—" The smile broadened. "Can't be serious, eh? Come and watch me arrest him!"

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BOB HATED LEAVING SO EARLY

"I just can't stay out late any more, Mum. My nerves go to pieces. I don't blame Bob for being cross."

LATER ON—

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HUSBAND AND WIFE "PACK OF NERVES"

"My husband and I were a pack of nerves. I could not sleep or stand the least noise, and was frightened of everything. After a few doses of BIDOMAK we could sleep without worrying. We never felt better in our lives." (Signed) M.L., East Prahan, Victoria.

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For COUGHS, COLDS, "FLU"—TAKE "MOUNTAIN" MIXTURE

Australian nurse returns from service abroad

Best bomb story she tells is about
"the one that didn't go off"

By CORAL CRAIG

Sister Margaret Byrne, an Australian girl who was on duty at a hospital in the Middle East when it was destroyed by a bomb, has been invalided home.

At the military hospital where she was taken on arrival she casually told me there really wasn't much to say about bombs—except the one that didn't go off.

"Of course there were plenty that did go off, but you get so used to those . . .

THIS one was a 250-pounder. Dropped by the Nazis, it landed in a tree in the hospital grounds.

"The Bomb Disposal Squad, comprised of British soldiers, went up after it, joking about looking for birds' eggs while they were there.

"They found it was a dummy, with a note inside saying 'This is the best we can do.' It was signed 'Made in Czechoslovakia.'"

I asked her about the ones that did.

"The blitz got a bit hot last August," she said. "Bombs were often dropping round about from midnight till dawn.

"When the air-raid warning sounded the nurses on duty helped patients to the slit trenches which were dug between the wards. The walking wounded strolled there themselves.

"Sometimes we would have too many patients, so the overflow got under their beds . . . a pretty safe place, because even when a bomb struck nearby they were uninjured.

"The Royal Engineers condemned the hospital, after a direct hit landed, and we were ordered to evacuate in a few hours the 400 patients."

It was after the evacuation of the hospital that Sister Byrne was sent to hospital for three months.

She returned home on crutches. Her knee is in plaster, which "was a bit inconvenient when it began to melt crossing the equator."

Sister Byrne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Byrne, of Young, N.S.W., trained at Sydney Hospital. She went to England in May, 1939, and joined the Queen Alexandra Imperial Military Nursing Service at the outbreak of war.

"There must be almost 300 Australians serving with this Service in the Middle East," she said.

Many Australians

OF the 68 nurses in the ship in which I travelled from England 40 were Australians. And of the 25 at the hospital in the Middle East, which is a British hospital, there were four Australians.

Besides myself there were Sister Ellen Menzies, of Adelaide, and Sister Zeryl Joseph and Sister May, of Sydney.

"There is plenty of entertainment for patients at the hospitals.

"Alice Delysia was on tour just before I left . . . and did our men enjoy her singing 'Every Woman Thinks She Wants to Wander.'"

"On crutches, in wheel chairs, bandaged, the men give the artists a wonderful reception."

Speaking of sick and wounded men brought Sister Byrne to the gallant "Rats of Tobruk."

"I realised why the whole world talks about the courage of the Aussies when I heard those men—some of them almost babies—getting mad because they're missing the action now.

"I heard one 19-year-old who had a leg amputated say, 'Wouldn't you know things would begin to happen as soon as we left.'"

"And I heard disabled ones discussing, with fine cheerfulness, whether it was better to lose an arm, a leg, or their sight. Each one, whatever his disability, vowed he was 'better off than the other bloke.'"

SISTER BYRNE arrives in Australia, invalided home with a knee injury. She joined the Queen Alexandra Imperial Military Nursing Service in England.



SISTER MARGARET BYRNE, invalided home after nursing Australian and British troops in a hospital in the Middle East.



Famous plays to be broadcast by 2GB

Alec Coppel as radio producer

Two new programmes are to be broadcast by 2GB from 8 p.m. to 9 p.m. on Sundays and from 7.45 p.m. to 8.30 p.m. on Thursdays.

These will comprise world-famous plays not previously available for broadcasting in Australia. They will be produced by Mr. Alec Coppel.

MR. COPPEL has contributed probably more than anybody else in Australia to the rebirth of the dramatic stage in Sydney and Melbourne during the past twelve months. He plans to apply to radio production all those factors which have brought him success since his arrival in Sydney.

The first programme of the new series to be broadcast from 2GB on Sunday, December 21, at 8 p.m., is "The Doctor's Dilemma," George Bernard Shaw's classical comedy. The cast will include leading players in Sydney's radio and stage world—Richard Parry, Leslie Victor, Grant McIntyre, Ron Randell, Marshall Crosby, Stephen Staunton, Frederick McMahon, Ethel Gabriel, Eddie Sinn, and Natalie Simon.

Following "The Doctor's Dilemma" Mr. Coppel will produce on Sunday, December 28, "The Two Mrs. Carralls," the thriller sensation which proved such a success in Sydney a few months ago.

Mr. Coppel is looking forward with great interest to the new field which radio has opened up for him, and in which he hopes to apply the same principles which he used in the theatre.

Details of the new programme to be broadcast at 7.45 p.m. Thursdays are not yet available, but an announcement will be made in a

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

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THURSDAY, December 18.—Goodie Reeve in Tales from the Talkies.

FRIDAY, December 19.—"Musical Alphabet."

SATURDAY, December 20.—Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, December 21.—Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, December 22.—With the A.I.P. Overseas.

TUESDAY, December 23.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.

gala broadcast on Thursday, December 18, at the official opening of the Macquarie Auditorium, 2GB's new studio-theatre.

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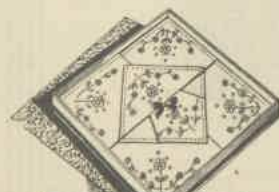
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Sanitarium
HEALTH FOODS

Love in the Blackout

Continued from page 3

"Oh, Ann . . . aren't you lovely . . ." Bill gasped at last.

Ann smiled. "Bill, you're just what I thought you were going to be."

"Heaven bless the blackout," said Bill fervently.

They went up in the automatic lift to the third floor. Bill's flat was No. 5. He opened the front door and took her into the sitting-room. She looked around admiringly.

"It's a lovely flat."

"Pretty comfortable," said Bill modestly. "Nice outlook and all that. You'll see in the morning. I'll ring for Purvis."

She sank down into an easy chair with a little sigh of comfort. Bill rang the bell, and took up a silver cigarette box from the table.

Purvis appeared. The slightest twitch of one eyebrow was the only sign of surprise he allowed himself to show. His master assumed a light, casual manner.

"Oh, Purvis—"

"Yes, sir?" said Purvis.

"This lady will have supper with me."

"Yes, sir."

"Afterwards," said Bill carelessly, "she will stay the night."

"Yes, sir," said Purvis coldly.

"Get the spare room ready."

"Very good, sir."

The clock struck eleven. Bill threw the end of the cigarette into the fire, and got up.

"Tired, Ann?"

"Yes, Bill."

"Go to bed then. Sleep well. Breakfast at ten. Discussion on the future at half-past. Good night."

Ann rose. For a moment they stood facing each other. Her eyes were very blue, and very soft.

"Good night," repeated Bill gruffly.

Her lips touched his. The door closed behind her.

Bill woke at nine o'clock in the morning. Purvis was standing by his bed with a cup of tea. The weather was bright and crisp. The early sun was shining in through the windows. He felt that life was a pleasant thing, and likely to become pleasant.

"Purvis, knock at Miss Frayne's door and ask if she would like some tea."

"She will not take any, sir," said Purvis, evenly.

"Have you asked her?"

"No, sir."

"Then how the devil do you know?"

Purvis coughed. "She has gone, sir."

"Gone?" echoed Bill blankly.

"Entirely, sir."

Bill sat up in bed.

"When did she go?" he demanded.

Purvis shrugged his shoulders. "I am unable to say, sir. The spare room bed has not been slept in. I should imagine that the young lady slipped quietly out after we had both retired."

Bill took a gulp of tea. The expression on his face suggested that he would not have been sorry if it had choked him.

"I wouldn't have believed it of her, Purvis."

Purvis stared out straight in front of him.

"Hang it all," said Bill reasonably. "I took her in out of the blackout. I sheltered her. I fed her. And what does she do? Leaves me without a word."

"Not exactly, sir," said Purvis.

"What do you mean, not exactly?"

"She left a note, sir, on the dressing-table, addressed to you."

Bill jumped. "Why on earth didn't you say so before? Where is it?"

"I have it here on the tray, sir."

Bill grabbed it. It was a half-sheet of paper, torn from another letter, folded in a complicated way. He opened it carefully. It was written in a hurried scrawl. Hand-writing was not Ann's strong point.

You've been awfully kind and sweet to me, Bill dear, and I'm terribly grateful, but I can't stay. I can't really. It isn't that I don't trust you. It's just that there are some things that we mustn't do, and some things we may. Fair's fair, Bill. But oh—oh, for one to be able to do what one would really like to—Do you want to see me again? If so, I've shown you how to in this note, and it hasn't been easy. The next is up to you. Good night, Bill.

"Purvis," said Bill, "how do you feel this morning? Fairly clear in the head?"

"Fairly, sir," said Purvis cautiously.

"Read that."

Purvis took the note and read it slowly. Bill waited until he came to the end.

"What do you make of it, Purvis?"

"A charming letter, sir."

"You think so?"

"Yes, sir. If a young lady had written to me in such a manner I should have felt greatly encouraged."

Bill took the letter back and re-read it.

"There's what she says—if I want to see her again she's shown me how to in this note. Do you see how to, Purvis?"

"No, sir."

"There's a hidden meaning somewhere. Do you understand codes?"

"No, sir."

"But you could learn."

"Not in time, sir," said Purvis firmly.

"Well, all I know," said Bill, "is that somebody's got to solve it. I mean I'm going to see that girl again. You understand that, Purvis? I'm going to. I must. In other words, I will."

"Very good, sir," said Purvis.

Bill smoothed out the letter in front of him.

"Now then, let's get down to it. Steady yourself, Purvis. Concentrate. Think as you've never thought before. To begin with, we have here a letter from A to B. Ann to Bill. Ha! Ha."

"In it is a secret direction telling B how to communicate with A. If he wants to. He does want to. He wants to more than anything else in the world. Are we making progress?"

"No, sir."

"We shall in a minute. On the face of it, a beautiful letter from a lovely girl. And by Jove, Purvis, she is a lovely girl!"

"Certainly, sir," said Purvis patiently.

"To return to this letter—I wish you'd keep to the subject, Purvis—the next thing to be done is to—"

"I've got it!"

"I am glad to hear it, sir."

"I don't mean I've actually solved it, but it's as good as solved. You know my uncle Golly—Colonel Camford?"

"Yes, sir."

"He's head of some special department where they do all the codes—or undo them. I don't know what it is. M.I. or O.P. or T.N.T. or something. I believe they're all very old professors, or Egyptologists, or whatever they call the people who can read the silly signs on Cleopatra's Needle or the—Rebecca Stone—"

"Rosetta Stone, sir."

"It doesn't matter. Uncle Golly's the man. I'll take the letter round to him the moment I'm dressed, and get the whole department strolling. Breakfast, Purvis, as quick as you know how."

He jumped out of bed, and made a dive for the bathroom.

An hour later Bill entered an august building in Whitehall. Having filled in a number of strange forms and been passed on mysteriously from hand to hand, he was conducted to a room in which an elderly gentleman in uniform was sitting at a large table. Bill waved a genial hand.

"How are you, Uncle Golly?"

Colonel Camford frowned. "Don't call me that, confound you. There's a war on. What do you want?"

Bill sat down in an armchair by the table, and lit a cigarette. "This jolly old department of yours—it solves puzzles and codes, and all that sort of thing, doesn't it?"

"What's it got to do with you, anyway?" retorted the colonel.

"A lot. My whole future depends on solving a code."

"What code?"

"Ann's code."

"Ann?"

"Ann Frayne."

"What the devil are you talking about?" said the colonel frantically.

Bill produced the letter from his pocket. "Read that, uncle."

The colonel read it. His face when he had finished was several degrees deeper in color.

"You see," said Bill, "she says she's told me in that letter how to find her. Purvis and I have tried to solve it, but we couldn't. So I've brought it along to you."

Colonel Camford seemed to have difficulty in breathing.

"Are you laboring under the delusion that this department exists for the purpose of deciphering letters left by young women who refuse to stay the night in your flat?" he demanded grimly.

"Certainly," said Bill definitely.

"After all, I'm one of the people who keep these departments going."

As a member of the tax-paying public I consider I have a right to call on your troupe of ancient puzzle solvers. Besides—he got up, and went round to the colonel's chair—"you're a good sport, uncle—and, you see, I love her, and I've got to find her."

"Who the deuce is she?" said the colonel gruffly.

"I've told you, she's Ann Frayne."

"I don't mean her name. Who is she?"

"That's all I know," said Bill lamely.

The colonel was still breathing



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heavily. His voice acquired a tone which was known in the family as a danger signal.

"Am I to understand that all you know about the girl you're in love with is her name?"

"Nearly all," said Bill. "That's why I've come to you. How can I get to know any more about her if I can't find her? It's impossible. You know that as well as I do. Do be quick. I want her to have lunch with me."

The colonel pressed a button on the table. An exceedingly old gentleman tottered into the room.

"Professor Bendle," said the colonel, "I am putting in front of you an extremely important letter. Somewhere in it is a concealed direction by which the writer can be communicated with. Will you be good enough to give it your attention?"

The old gentleman advanced shakily to the table, and took the letter. He produced from his pocket a further pair of spectacles, which he adjusted carefully in front of the pair he was already wearing, and a pencil. He then paused for breath, and wheezed dangerously.

"Good lord," said Bill, "he's dying."

Colonel Camford frowned him to silence. The old gentleman turned towards the light, and held the letter about an inch and a half from his nose. Bill held his breath.

The old gentleman read the letter slowly through. Then without the least hesitation, he turned back to the table, took up his pencil, and scribbled laboriously. After that he took off his second pair of spectacles, returned them to his pocket, handed the letter across the table to the colonel, and staggered feebly to the door.

"You don't mean to say he's solved it?" said Bill incredulously.

Colonel Camford glanced at the letter, and tossed it over. "There you are," he said.

Bill picked it up. For a moment he stared at it open-mouthed. Across the top the old gentleman had written very shakily:

Mayfair 00412.

Bill's head swam. He looked at the letter again. It was certainly there. He read again Ann's words: " . . . may . . . fair . . . oh, oh for one to . . ."

"And to think," said Bill, in an awe-struck whisper, "that that old geezer, with two feet and both shoulders in the grave, only had to read it once, while Purvis and I—Dash it, he's not human. He can't be."

The colonel filled his pipe.

"Professor Bendle is one of our 'star turns,'" he said. "No one has found anything yet that he couldn't solve. And now perhaps you will be kind enough to get out. You have already occupied at least a hundred pounds' worth of this department's time on the momentous subject of your love affair. Please leave us to the comparatively trivial matter of winning the war."

Bill seized his hat.

"Good-bye, Uncle Golly. Thanks awfully. You must come and see us when we're married. You'll love Ann. She's marvellous. I've never seen such hair—"

"Get out!" said the Colonel wrathfully.

"Hullo," said Bill. "Is that Mayfair 00412? Regent Mansions. Oh, I want to speak to Miss Frayne. You bet I'll hold on. Hullo! Hullo! Sorry. I'm a bit impatient. Hullo! Ann!"

"Hullo, Bill," said the voice.

"Now what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing over the telephone," said Ann.

"That excuse will not last long. You are lunching with me at the Venetia at one o'clock."

"Am I?"

"You are," said Bill.

"I'm not used to being ordered about."

"Then it's time you were. You're a very naughty girl."

"Yes, Bill."

"If you knew what it has just cost the taxpayers of this country for me to discover your telephone number—"

"What do you mean?"

"One of the most secret and important Government Departments was completely held up until the problem was solved."

Ann laughed. "How thrilling. But couldn't you solve it yourself?"

"Of course I couldn't. It was solved by an incredibly old gentleman who looked like Father Time's elder brother. He just doddered into the room, glanced at your letter, wrote down the number without a moment's hesitation, and doddered out again. That was a quarter of an hour ago. He must be dead by now. The Venetia at one o'clock. I shall be waiting for you in the foyer."

"But, Bill—"

"Please be punctual," said Bill, and put down the receiver.

ANN came into the foyer as the clock struck one. She was looking adorably pretty. When they had been settled at their table and the cocktails were brought, Bill looked over his glass sternly.

"Now, Ann—"

"Yes, Bill?"

"You are, so to speak, in the dock. I am, in a way, prosecutor, defender, judge and jury."

"It sounds very alarming."

"It is alarming. The first item on the—what do they call it?—charge sheet—by the way, would it help matters to begin with if I mentioned that I love you?"

"It might," said Ann.

"Well, I do."

Ann finished her cocktail. "Darling, doesn't it always make things easier if the—prisoner pleads guilty and confesses and promises never to do it again?"

"Sometimes," said Bill grimly.

"Because . . . I want to confess."

Bill drew himself up in his chair, and assumed a judicial expression.

"Very well. Go ahead."

"Please, my lord, I'm afraid I didn't quite tell the truth last night."

"The statement would appear to be correct. Apparently you didn't quite."

"You see, I wasn't really home-"

less.

"So it seems."

"And I hadn't been turned out."

"Evidently not."

"But I couldn't help saying so because . . . I wanted you to do what you did. And I wasn't in danger of being thrown out of the taxi—because it wasn't a taxi."

Bill started. "Not a taxi?"

"No, dearest. It was my own car. In the blackout it was quite easy to mistake it. I wasn't hiding in it, I was on my way home, and when you shouted 'Taxi!' I suddenly had a hunch—the strongest one I've ever had in my life—that something wonderful was going to happen to me. And I told Munt, my chauffeur, to stop and take you in. And it did happen. And I think that's all I have to confess—so far."

"Ann," said Bill, "when will you marry me?"

She glanced at the clock over the main entrance.

"It's too late this afternoon, darling. But if—"

The waiter arrived with the oysters.

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Continuing . . . Landfall

from page 4

THE car drew up at the dockyard gate and put them down. Inside the dockyard the darkness was intense. The wing-commander said: "Got that torch?"

Chambers pulled out the rabbit-lamp and lit it. The white rabbit glowed luminous in the darkness; by its light they made their way over railway lines and between railway trucks, past docks with empty, deserted ships, past the caissons of dry docks sheltering the monstrous bulk of great vessels ablaze with welding torches and vibrant with the clatter of the riveters.

Presently they turned down a quiet alleyway and came to the Georgian building where their meeting was to take place.

Captain Burnaby occupied an office of an antique style. It was a tall, white-painted room, with

high windows between straight white columns with clean, vertical lines.

There were three naval officers in the room, who came forward from the fire as the two Air Force officers came in.

Captain Burnaby said grimly: "Good evening, gentlemen. We've been waiting for you. Wing-Commander Dickens—this is Commander Rutherford, from Blockhouse, and Lieutenant-Commander Dale."

Dickens bowed slightly. He said: "This is Flying-Officer Chambers."

The captain moved towards a green baize-covered table, laid out with paper and pencils for a conference.

"This is not a formal meeting," he said succinctly. "But I think we

shall get on more quickly if we take it as such."

He seated himself at the head of the table, in the position of a chairman, and motioned to the wing-commander to take the seat at his right. Chambers hurried to sit down beside the wing-commander, leaving his hat upon the captain's desk with the lamp inside it. The other naval officers sat on the captain's left.

For a moment Chambers studied the naval officers, and his heart sank. The massive, square-cut features of the captain were set in a grim mould; the iron-grey hair and the bushy eyebrows were those of a martinet, a hard, efficient man. In

comparison, he thought he saw a gleam of kindness and understanding, even of sympathy, in the appearance of Commander Rutherford from Fort Blockhouse, the submarine depot. The last of the three was a dour, scornful young man with raised eyebrows.

Burnaby said: "Well now, gentlemen, we're here to get the facts of what occurred this afternoon. That's the first thing, before we can decide what action we must take." He turned to the commander from the submarine depot. "Rutherford, will you tell us first what orders Caranx had?"

The commander said: "She had orders to proceed here from Harwich, sir."

"Quite so. On the surface, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes. She wouldn't dive unless there was a very good reason for it. She was coming back for certain work to be done?"

The wing-commander nodded. The captain turned again to Rutherford. "Now, tell us her scheduled route and times."

The commander took a paper from his attache case and laid it on the table. "This is the operation-order I made out," he said. "It's rather long." He turned its pages over. "She was due to pass from Area SL to Area SM at 1430, and from Area SM to Area TM at 1500. In the order for closing the areas against attack I gave her half an hour margin each way on those times." He paused, and then said: "She should have passed the Gate between 1600 and 1615. If she was later than that she'd have to anchor in the Roads."

The captain said: "Exactly." He picked up the sheets of buff type-written paper, and glanced them over rapidly. "This is a copy of what you sent me? Yes." He scrutinised the list of copies sent out at the head of one page. "I see. And this sheet went to Coastal Command of the Royal Air Force."

He turned to Dickens, and put the paper before him. "This is the sheet that you received, Wing-Commander?"

Dickens nodded: "That's right." The naval officer, pressing his point home, passed the paper to Chambers. "And you saw this before you went out on patrol?"

The pilot took the paper. It began with a short statement that a British submarine was to proceed upon the surface in a westerly direction. Then followed a string of areas and times restricting submarine attack.

The pilot said: "I've never seen this."

Captain Burnaby's mouth set into a thin, hard line; the bushy eyebrows drew together. He stared grimly at the young man. He said: "Can you explain that, please?"

The pilot blushed and hesitated. Dickens interposed. "You saw a shortened version of it on the notice board?"

Chambers said: "Yes, sir. I took a copy of it in my notebook."

Rutherford said: "I don't see how it could be made much shorter than it is."

The captain said mercilessly: "In what way was the notice that you saw different from this sheet, Mr. Chambers?"

The young man said: "It was the same, I think, except for these first sentences." He pointed to the type-script.

The wing-commander said: "I think that's right. We left that out for secrecy."

The naval captain stared at him for a minute. He was about to say that he was not accustomed to his orders being hacked about, but he thought better of it. Instead, he said to the pilot: "Was the notice that you saw intelligible to you, Mr. Chambers?"

The flying-officer hesitated. "I understood that no attacks were to be made in certain areas at certain times," he said. "I didn't know why."

The commander from the submarine depot leaned forward. "You didn't know that one of our submarines was coming in, then?" he said kindly.

The boy turned to him gratefully: "No, sir, I didn't know that."

There was a tense, pregnant silence for a few moments. Then Captain Burnaby said: "Well, the Court of Inquiry will go into that, no doubt."

He picked up another paper from the table. "The signal from T.383 gives 1541 as the time of the attack, in Area SM/TM."

Animal Antics



"Stand back, folks! Give him water!"

Chambers interposed. "It was definitely in Area SM, sir."

"That is what I want to hear about next, Mr. Chambers. If she was in Area SM you were clearly within your rights in attacking, subject to reasonable care. In Area TM you could not attack at all."

The boy said: "No, sir. But she was in Area SM all right."

The naval captain eyed him keenly. "How did you establish that?"

"I set out the course and distance run from my last known position on the chart, sir. She was a good two miles inside Area SM."

"Have you got the chart here?"

"I'm afraid not, sir."

The sour-faced young lieutenant-commander spoke up. "How far away was your last-known position?"

The pilot turned to him. "I made it about twenty-six sea miles."

Lieutenant-Commander Dale raised his eyebrows slightly higher. "Two miles drift wouldn't be much of an error in the sort of navigation that you do, would it? I don't see how you can be so sure about the area."

Chambers said: "I wasn't two miles out."

Dale shrugged his shoulders. "The trawler doesn't seem to be so certain, or she wouldn't have signalled Area SM TM."

Burnaby turned to the pilot. "I take it that you plotted the position carefully upon the chart?"

The boy hesitated awkwardly. The three naval officers sat staring at him. At last he said: "I didn't pencil the position in. You can't do that when you're flying the machine."

The captain said: "I understand you have a second pilot."

"I hadn't a second pilot to-day, sir. He'd gone sick."

Lieutenant-Commander Dale spoke up again. "How did you do the chart work, then, if you couldn't leave the helm?"

"I had the chart on the seat beside me. I laid off the course and distance run with a parallel ruler."

The young naval officer's upper lip curled slightly. "Working with one hand?"

"Yes."

Dale turned to Captain Burnaby. "I don't see any proof of the position here, sir," he said sourly. "You might be anywhere, working like that."

The captain said: "I quite agree with you."

There was an awkward silence. The pilot stared at the glass ash-tray on the green baize tablecloth, flushed and miserable. He began to feel that they were all hostile to him; their minds were made up. He knew his navigation methods hadn't been according to the book, but he had faith in his position. He was used to rapid chart work under difficulties.

He tried to explain to them. He said: "I really don't think I was two miles out in the position, sir. I made decent landfalls all through the patrol."

Captain Burnaby said: "Well, the trawler buoyed the place, so we shall know before long where it actually happened. Now, Mr. Chambers, will you tell us just what occurred, from the time when you first saw the submarine until the moment when she sank?"

Please turn to page 33



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Above: Gift Case containing Lavender Perfume, Soap, Talc and Bath Salts.



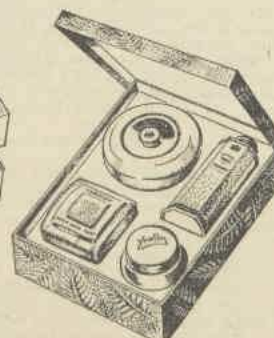
Above: Gift Case containing Vanity Case, Complexion Powder, Lavender Perfume and Soap.



Above: Gift Case for men, containing Shaving Stick, Solid Brillantine and Farn Soap.



Above: Yardley Lavender Soap—"the luxury soap of the world."



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Landfall

Continued from page 32

THE boy said: "I saw her first about two miles away. It was beginning to get dark. I couldn't make out any detail—just that there was a submarine there. Then I went straight up into the cloud."

They sat staring at him, silent, as he told his story.

The Lieutenant-commander, Dale, listened with all the overbearing confidence of youth. He had little knowledge of the Air Force, or of anything outside the Navy. He had entered at the age of fourteen and had lived in, and lived for, the Navy ever since.

He was efficient. He hated inaccurate, slovenly work. He never made mistakes himself; they were unnecessary, beastly things. Only fools made mistakes. Here was this blushing, stammering young ass who had the insolence to say that he could work out a position accurately, working with one hand upon a chart that was sliding about on a seat cushion. The result was that he had made mistakes—not one, but a whole flock of them, and one of them had caused the Caranx to be sunk.

He listened in a cynical, cold rage.

Rutherford listened sympathetically. He was closer to the disaster than the others. He knew all the officers of Caranx intimately, had messed with them for months. Most of his service life had been spent in submarines and he had known several disasters.

He had come to realise this one only an hour before, but already he had accepted with a numb acquiescence that never again would he meet Billy Parkinson, or play a round of golf with Stone, or drink a beer with Sandy Anderson. Presently he would have to write the letters to Jo Parkinson and Dorothy Stone, and to Anderson's mother at Dalry.

From his experience he knew how these things happened. Good men, honest, competent chaps, made a mistake—a hatch had been left open one time. As a young lieutenant he himself had very nearly sunk his own submarine by doing the wrong thing with a lavatory flush. If it were true that Caranx had been lost by this young pilot's mistake, the fault was rather in the system that put such power into the hands of inexperienced young men.

There was no blame in his mind for Chambers. He had been older than that when he had had his trouble with the lavatory.

Captain Burnaby listened with a mind overlaid with policy. Throughout his service life the strategy and tactics of reconnaissance had been his speciality. He had been in destroyers for much of his time, and

had risen to the command of a flotilla. Now he was in this shore job and in intimate liaison with the Royal Air Force.

For the first time in his life he drew reports from a service that he did not control. He felt like a horse in blinkers. He could not reach out quickly and pull in his information as he had done all his life; he must ask another service if they would get it for him, and they would only do so if they had the time to spare, or so he felt.

He was perpetually maddened and infuriated with the restraint. He believed, with all his heart and soul, that the existing system was totally wrong, that the aeroplanes patrolling the narrow seas should be under naval control, staffed by the Navy, part of the Fleet Air Arm. Most of the Admiralty, he knew, agreed with him. Dual control was inefficient, and mistakes were bound to happen. One of them had happened now, and a valuable unit of the Navy had been sunk by this young fool.

Perhaps after this the Cabinet would listen to the Admiralty case. The Caranx was a bitter and a serious loss, but if, through her, the Navy were to gain control of its own air service she would not have been lost in vain.

Dickens sat warily watching, sitting on the fence. He knew all that passed in the simple, direct mind of Captain Burnaby; he realised the political aspect of the matter to the full. He could not help his pilot and he did not much want to. If Chambers had really sunk the Caranx it was a bad show, a piece of inefficiency discreditable to the Royal Air Force.

The pilot would have to suffer, as a matter of course. It was much more important that the relations of the Navy and the Air Force should not be impaired; in time of war there must be no internal quarrels. He knew the Navy wanted their own coastal patrol; he believed that they had too little experience of aeroplanes to take it over, especially in time of war.

Dickens sat quiet, watching the naval officers and their reactions, biding his time.

They heard him to the end in silence; only from time to time the captain prompted him. He finished and sat staring round at them unhappily. "That's all I can remember," he said at last.

Captain Burnaby said: "I take it, then, you never saw the letters on the conning-tower at all?"

The pilot said: "No, sir—I didn't. I never bothered about them once I saw that there was no identification marking on the hydrovanes." He paused, and then said: "I did look for them once, but there was smoke all round the conning-tower."

The captain said: "Didn't you think it worth while to make certain?"

Chambers said: "I was certain, sir. It never entered my head that it could be a British submarine. We're usually told when our own submarines are in the Channel."

Rutherford said kindly: "You get notices about our own submarines pretty frequently, do you?"

The pilot turned to him. "Almost every other day. That's why it never occurred to us that this had anything to do with our own submarines. It wasn't in the usual form." He paused, and then he said: "I'm quite sure this was a German. There was definitely nothing on the hydrovanes."

Lieutenant-Commander Dale said: "I wish I could be as sure as you are. You said that one of the hydrovanes washed clear as she was going down?"

"Yes—it was free from foam."

"But it was clear—out of the water, I mean?"

Chambers said: "It wasn't dry, of course. There was water on it, but there were no bubbles—no white foam."

"How deep would you say the water was upon it? Five or six inches—or more?"

The pilot strained his memory to recall the instant flash that he had seen in the last stages of his dive. "Not so deep as that. There might have been an inch of water on it."

"It was getting dark, though, wasn't it?"

"There was light enough to see the color of the paint."

"Even under water, seen obliquely as you saw it?"

The pilot hesitated. "What I saw was grey paint."

There was a short silence. Burnaby said: "Well, we shall have to leave that point."

Rutherford leaned forward. "May I ask him a few questions, sir?"

The captain leaned back in his chair. "By all means."

The submarine officer turned to Chambers. "Did you notice how many jumping wires she had?"

"That's the wire that runs from bow to stern over the conning-tower, isn't it?"

"That's right. Did she have one or two?"

The pilot stared at the ash-tray in concentration. Then he raised his head. "I can't say, sir," he said. "I didn't notice."

The commander pushed a paper and a pencil over to him. "Draw us a picture, showing what she looked like, broadside on."

They leaned across the table and watched him intently as he drew. When it was finished, Rutherford pulled the sketch towards him and examined it critically.

"The one gun forward fits with Caranx," he said pensively, "but so it does with most types. Are you sure this prolongation of the conning-tower towards the stern was there?"

The pilot hesitated. "I think it was like that."

Captain Burnaby said: "Is that similar to Caranx, Rutherford?"

The submarine officer shook his head. "Caranx goes like this." He sketched a line upon the drawing; the modification was not very great. He turned to Burnaby. "Unless you know submarines, they all look much the same," he said. "This doesn't look like Caranx—but then, who can say?"

Burnaby said: "I'm afraid we're rather wasting our time, Commander. A sketch like this would only be of use if it showed something definite—two guns instead of one, or something like that. The rest of the evidence is overwhelming."

The man from Port Blockhouse nodded slowly. "One more question, sir." The captain inclined his head. "What color was this submarine you sank? Was she light grey or dark grey?"

The pilot said: "She looked very much like any of our submarines—about the same color. She wasn't very light grey, like a battleship—that's been out in the Mediterranean. She was a sort of medium grey—on top, that is to say. She was all rusty underneath."

The commander leaned forward. "She was what? Rusty?"

"Yes, sir. When she put her nose up, just before she sank—the bottom was black paint all streaked with rust."

Rutherford turned to the captain. "Caranx was only docked six weeks ago," he said. "She shouldn't have been rusty after six weeks."

Burnaby stared at the pilot. "Are you quite sure of that?"

"Yes, sir. She was definitely rusty underneath."

The captain turned to the commander. "Is that very unusual, Rutherford?"

"It is rather, sir. They go rusty very quickly in the tropics, of course. I've seen it happen in home waters when they've had electrical defects—you get electrolytic action sometimes. But it's quite unusual to have a hull go rusty in so short a time. They're just like ordinary ships."

"I don't see that we can get any further with this point, Commander. Have you any other questions?"

"I can't think of anything else, sir."

Dickens looked up. "May I raise a point?"

"Certainly, Wing-Commander."

"Somebody said that Caranx didn't answer any signals after two o'clock. That's an hour and forty minutes before she was sunk."

Rutherford said: "That's right. At two o'clock she reported herself off Departure Point."

"When did she fail to take a signal?"

The submarine officer glanced at a paper in his hand. "She was sent a signal asking her estimated time of arrival at the Gate, at 1413. There was no reply to that one. The last signal received from her was sent at 1403 reporting her position."

The Air Force officer said keenly: "So that you must have been worried about her before 1541?"

Rutherford nodded. "In a way, we were. We should have been very worried if she had been diving. But

WHAT'S the Answer

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

- 1—"Joyful, all ye nations, rise, Join the triumph of the skies." Seasonal music, and all you have to do is identify it as coming from "Good King Wenceslas"—"O Come, All Ye Faithful"—"Hark! the Herald Angels Sing"—"Good Christian Men, Rejoice"—"Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem."
- 2—"I'm giving Uncle Willie a book for Christmas. He's a great philanthropist," said Angelina. This is absurd, because a book-fancier is a Palaeontologist—Libriophile—philologist—bibliophile—libricologist.
- 3—Cheers for those brilliant Cunningham brothers, stars of our North African campaigns. But are you sure you have them sorted out correctly, as General Sir Andrew Cunningham—Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham—General Sir Alan—Admiral Sir Alan.
- 4—if you want to measure liquids in the metric system, you use the Metre—litre—are—gramme.
- 5—Aha! So you're going to follow the old Christmas custom of hanging up mistletoe! No doubt you know mistletoe grows as a Shrub—vine—flowering elm tree—parasite growth on other trees.
- 6—Press gangs used to Commandeer convicts as laborers—hire themselves out to commit crimes of violence—print newspapers by hand—take men forcibly for naval service.
- 7—Blasting the Nazi war machine from the gateway to the Caucasus, we again meet the brilliant Russian general Marshal Timoshenko—Marshal Budenny—Marshal Vorisholov.
- 8—Scientists know that human life exists on one of the planets. Can you name the planet?
- 9—"I brought off an ace!" cried sporting Susan, so you guessed she'd been enjoying herself at Golf—hockey—sailing—diving—tennis.
- 10—Now toss it off without a pause. California is in North America—South America.

Answers on page 34

there was no reason for her to dive on a passage of that sort. We thought it was probably a temporary wireless failure. We kept on sending to her till we got the signal from T.383."

Dickens turned to the captain. "It's a point to remember, sir."

Burnaby nodded. "Certainly. I think there is no doubt that she was late on her schedule, and that she became late after passing. It looks to me as if she had some accident or mechanical trouble which delayed her, and cut the current off from her wireless. Is that likely, Rutherford?"

The submarine officer shook his head. "I don't think that quite fits. The wireless feeds straight from the battery."

There was a tap at the door. A signalman entered and laid a slip of paper in front of Captain Burnaby.

"The captain of T.383 is outside, gentlemen," he said. He turned to the signalman. "Ask him to come in."

They all rose from the table as the

new officer came into the room. He was a burly man, in shabby uniform. He wore sea-boots and a thick, dirty white sweater that rolled heavily round his neck beneath a very old monkey jacket stained with salt. On his sleeve the blackening gold braid ran in the undulating rings of a lieutenant in the R.N.V.R. In his hand he carried a half-empty seaman's kitbag with some articles in it.

Burnaby said: "Good evening, Mitcheson. Is that what you picked up?"

The man said: "That's right, sir. I brought it right along, as soon as we docked, because I thought you'd want to see it. Hope you'll forgive me coming in like this."

He spoke in an undefinable manner as a civilian, which, in fact, he was. Twenty-one years before, as a young man, he had commanded just such another trawler as the one that he had now, on just such duties.

Please turn to page 34

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IN the years between he had longed for his naval uniform. He had had ups and downs of fortune. He had been in the motor trade in Bournemouth and in the wool trade in Bradford; for a time he had managed a laundry in Cheltenham. He had managed a road-house near London, on the Great West Road, and he had travelled in haberdashery. None of these ventures had been a great success, none of them utter failure.

All the time he had longed passionately for the sea. He knew that he had been better as a junior naval officer than in any of his other jobs.

As war drew nearer he made all his preparations, pulled all his strings, and got himself back into the Volunteer Reserve. War came and he was called up. Twenty years slipped off him like a cloak. Clever, the naval sailor on Portsmouth Hard, gave him another sort of cloak, on "tick." The Admiralty gave him Rosy and Kate, and he went to work.

Burnaby said: "That's all right, man. Let's see what you've got."

The burly man looked round. "Where will you have them? They're all over oil and water still."

Beyond the carpet there was a patch of linoleum by the window. "Put it there."

The trawler officer untied the neck of the kitbag and turned it back. He put his arm in and drew out carefully some pieces of sodden pasteboard. Without a word he gave them to the captain.

Soaked through with fuel oil and wet with salt water, there was no mistaking them. They were the cartons of two packets of Players' cigarettes, more or less intact. Burnaby turned them over in his hand.

"Can you be sure these came out of the submarine?" he said.

Mitcheson said: "When I got there there was a great deal of air coming up from something on the bottom, and there was a lot of oil about. These things were floating in the middle of the slick, near the clothing."

The officers watched in tense

silence as he tipped out the contents of the kitbag. A dark blue mass that was a seaman's jumper fell out with a sudden flop, and a seaman's cap rolled over to a corner. He reached into the bag and pulled out another cap. "That's the lot, sir."

A smell of fuel oil penetrated the room. Rutherford picked up the jumper. "Has it got a number on it?"

The trawler officer said: "I looked for that, but I couldn't find it."

Dale said: "It's probably a new issue."

They turned over the articles. There were no numbers on them, though one of the caps had the initials A.O.P. inked on the leather band. All were sodden with fuel oil; they dripped little pools of it upon the floor.

Rutherford said: "I can't see how they got so soaked in oil." He glanced at Dale. "Funny, isn't it?"

The other nodded. "Looks as if they'd been blown into a tank by the explosions."

Burnaby said: "Anything might have caused that."

Rutherford glanced at the trawler captain. "Is this all there was? Just these things?"

The man said: "That's all we could see. It was just on dark, you know." He hesitated, and then said: "As soon as I saw these I put a spar buoy down, right in the middle where the air was coming up."

The submarine officer nodded. "What's the depth?"

"Thirty-five to forty fathoms at low springs."

Rutherford said very quietly: "We'll never get a diver down to her." He turned to Mitcheson again. "Did you hear anything upon the hydrophones?"

"Not a thing. We listened for a quarter of an hour before the drifter came up to take over. We heard the sound of air blowing out of something on the bottom. But nothing else."

Landfall

Continued from page 33

"No tapping?"

"No, sir. Nothing at all."

Burnaby said: "Redeemer has been warned. She's loading two air-compressors now. She'll be ready to sail at midnight, with six divers on board."

Lieutenant-Commander Dale said quietly: "There's a gale warning, sir. Came through about an hour ago."

There was a momentary silence.

Rutherford said wearily: "I doubt if it's much good. Keep the drifter there, in case some of them get out with the Davis apparatus. But if there's no more sound from her, I shouldn't think it's going to be much good to send out the Redeemer. You'd need a flat calm and slack water to put down a diver to that depth."

The captain said: "I know." He bit his lip; there was the risk to the Redeemer to be thought about. Salvage vessels were at a premium with ships being torpedoed daily round the coast; it would not do to have Redeemer anchored in the middle of the Channel, a sitting target for all passing German submarines. If there were any prospect of salvaging Caranx the risk must be taken; he dared not send the vessel out upon the slender hope of salvage that appeared at present.

He said: "I shall keep Redeemer standing by." He turned to Dale. "Send Redeemer a signal, ordering steam at half an hour's notice from midnight onwards."

"Very good, sir." The young man left the room.

The captain turned to the trawler officer. "I don't think you need stay, Mitcheson. You can leave that stuff there. Let me have your written report as soon as possible."

"Very good, sir."

The door closed behind him. The captain turned to his desk, away from the dead heap of sodden clothing on the floor beneath the window. The smell of fuel oil filled the room, a reminder in this quiet place of the grim facts of war.

For once Captain Burnaby was tired. He was tired of being responsible for the safety of ships. He was worn out with his anxieties. He was tired of being stern with men to make them careful. All he had done could not avert disaster. First Lochentle, practically right beneath his nose in spite of his patrols, and now Caranx. Heaven only knew, he had tried hard enough. He had not spared himself.

The two Air Force officers and the commander from Port Blockhouse waited patiently for him to resume the meeting.

Mechanically the captain reached for a cigarette from the silver box upon his desk. His sleeve brushed an Air Force cap and overturned it. There was a metallic clatter on the desk. An object rolled over on to the blotting-pad and miraculously became alight. A moulded glass rabbit glowed suddenly upon the writing-desk, staring at the captain with illuminated crimson eyes.

Burnaby stared at it, startled from his mood. Caranx was lost, and this rabbit was a grotesque joke. It was no time for jokes. The swift, choleric anger rose in him; he stared round at the officers beneath the beetling, bushy eyebrows. "Who does this thing belong to?"

Chambers said: "I'm sorry, sir. It's mine." He stepped forward and picked it up, switching it off.

The captain said lellly: "I might have guessed that, Mr. Chambers." He strode over to the green baize table and sat down, again at the head of it, suddenly furious. The others sat down in their chairs again.

The answer is—

- 1—"Hark! The Herald Angels Sing."
- 2-Bibliophile.
- 3-Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham; General Sir Alan Cunningham.
- 4-Litre.
- 5-Parasite growth on other trees.
- 6-Take men forcibly for naval service.
- 7-Marshal Timoshenko.
- 8-The Earth.
- 9-Tennis.
- 10-North America.

Questions on page 33

BURNABY said:

"Well, gentlemen, I shan't keep you much longer. You've heard what has been said. I shall report to the C.-in-C., and he, of course, will order a Court of Inquiry to be convened."

He stared grimly at Dickens. "I don't know what your view is, Wing-Commander. In my mind there is no doubt that Caranx was sunk by this young gentleman with you, who does not seem to me to be sufficiently responsible to carry out the duties you entrust him with. The Court of Inquiry will settle where the blame should lie for the accident, whether with the captain of Caranx or with the pilot."

"We must also try to get the Court to make some recommendations that will prevent such valuable vessels being lost like this in future. I think that's all. Is there anything else before we disperse. Wing-Commander?"

Dickens said slowly: "I don't think so. From what I've heard I feel that the blame does not rest solely on Mr. Chambers for this accident. The only other thing I have to say is what I am sure you know already—that we in the Air Force regret the accident most deeply."

The captain said coldly: "Thank you, Wing-Commander." He got to his feet and the others rose with him.

Chambers said hesitantly: "I'd like to say one thing. If I did make a mistake, I'm most frightfully sorry." He paused and then said: "It's sometimes a bit difficult when you've got to act very quickly."

The captain nodded shortly, a grim, square-jawed figure; the iron-grey hair and bushy eyebrows were more formidable than ever. "No doubt, Mr. Chambers," he said curtly. "But when you act quickly you've got to be right."

He bowed to them as they left the room. At his side the commander from the submarine depot gathered up his papers. The captain stood staring at the closing door and then relaxed. "A bad business," he said quietly.

The submarine commander said: "Yes, sir." The only thing to do was to look upon one's mates as ciphers, figures that left no more regret than figures on a blackboard when they were rubbed out. Deep personal friendships were no good in time of war. They were luxuries of peacetime, like the ski-ing holiday in Switzerland that he ached for in these black months of the winter.

His mind reverted to the technical aspects of the case, and his brow wrinkled in perplexity. "I can't make out why Caranx's hull should have been rusty," he said. "I wonder if any of this new degaussing stuff is doing it? I hope to goodness we're not in for trouble there."

The captain nodded. Technical matters were impersonal and easy, a relief to talk about. "You might have a word with Simmonds in the Vernon about that." He was silent for a minute, and then said: "Funny the way those things were soaked in fuel oil."

They glanced down at the sodden heap on the linoleum. The commander said: "I suppose in a mixture of oil and water they take up the oil in preference to the water."

The captain said directly: "Well, I thought it was the other way about. I thought the surface tension of oil was greater than water, and that in a mixture they would take up water rather than the oil."

The commander smiled. "I'm afraid you've got me there, sir. I should have to look up the textbooks."

Captain Burnaby turned away, a little heavily. "I must be wrong about it—anyway, it doesn't matter." There was a little pause. Outside the rising wind whipped round the building with a faint moan in the utter darkness. "We can't send out Redeemer," he said quietly. "I don't think it's justifiable."

The submarine officer inclined his head. "I don't think it is." Thirty miles away, deep under the black, wintry sea, young Sandy Anderson



UNUSUAL gold necklet with an Old-World detachable locket hanging from the bow pin.

must be already dead. That letter to his mother was going to be the worst one of the lot, much worse than the ones to the wives. It would be foolish to expose Redeemer to the risk of a torpedo. Burnaby was right.

He said heavily: "The only thing to do now, sir, is to see that this can never happen again."

The captain's lips set in a thin line, the bushy eyebrows drew together in a frown. "I'll do that," he said grimly, "if I've got to put a naval officer in every aeroplane of the Coastal Command."

To be continued



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For the ... HOLIDAY HOSTESS

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COLD dishes for luncheon or dinner table or buffet meal are our choice. We know you will like them.

APRICOT FOAM GATEAU

One round sponge cake, 1 cup milk, 3 teaspoons gelatine, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1 cup apricot puree, 1 pint orange jelly, 1 dozen apricot halves, few mint sprigs.

Heat milk and sugar and pour, stirring well, onto beaten egg-yolks and lemon rind. Cook over boiling water until mixture coats spoon. Cool, and stir in gelatine dissolved in boiling water, and fold in whipped egg-whites, and when cold fold in apricot puree. Pour into a wetted sponge sandwich tin the same size as cake. In another tin of same size set first a thin layer of orange jelly and then set a pattern with apricot halves. Pour on remainder of nearly-set orange jelly. When jelly and apricot cream are quite set, brush top of sponge cake with sherry or jam; turn out apricot cream onto cake and then the jelly on the cream. Cut into wedges with a warm knife. Serve with almond flavored cream.

PAVLOVA ICE-CREAM MERINGUE

Four egg-whites, 8oz. castor sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 2 teaspoons vinegar, 1½ cups ice-cream, fresh

fruit (such as strawberries or mulberries or sliced peaches), or fruit puree, few chopped nuts.

Beat egg-whites stiffly. Add sugar gradually, and beat until mixture holds its shape. Fold in lightly-sifted cornflour and then vinegar. Grease and lightly dredge with cornflour an 8-inch sandwich tin and pour mixture into this. Bake in a very slow oven (250 deg. F.) for 1½ hours. Turn out when cold and fill with ice-cream and fruit.

SHEEP'S TONGUE BRAUN

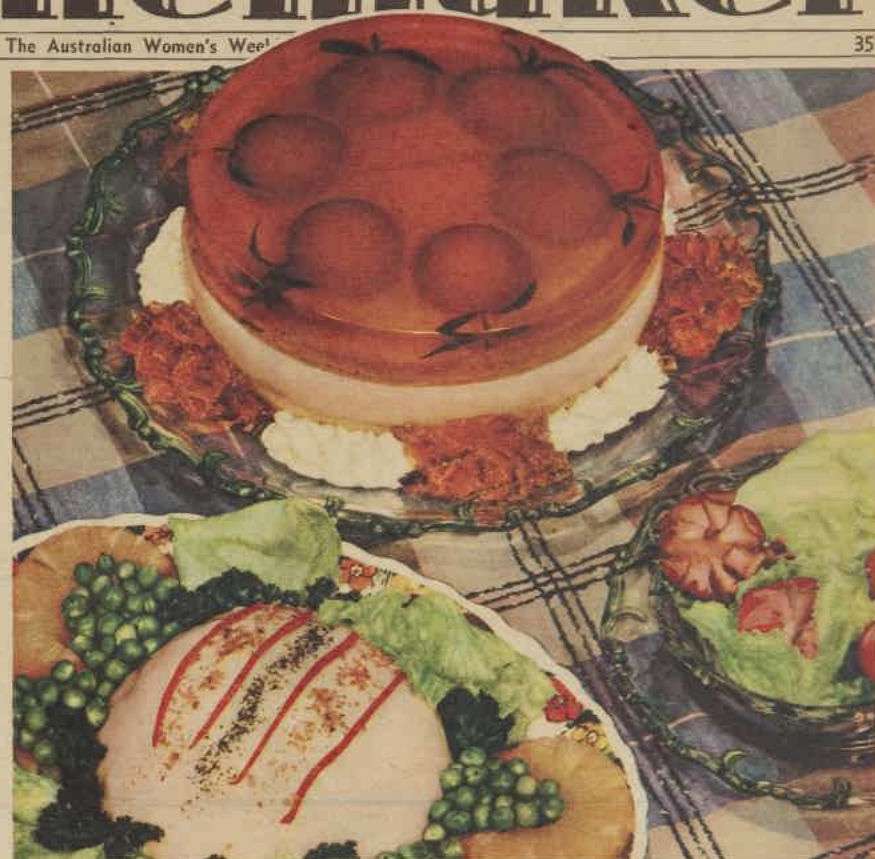
Three sheep's tongues, 1 knuckle veal, 1lb. fat pickled pork, few peppercorns, slice of lemon, few sprigs of parsley.

Wash meat and cover with cold water and simmer very gently for about 3½ hours. Skin and slice tongues, chop all meat, removing bones, gristle, and any discolored pieces. Pack into a wetted dish or small individual moulds, and pour over liquid in which meat was cooked and which has been reduced to half by boiling. Leave until cold and set, turn out and serve with salad.

CHERRY CHIFFON TART

Six ounces biscuit or short pastry, 1 dessertspoon arrowroot, 1 cup stewed cherries (stoned), 2 teaspoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, 2 egg-yolks, 1 cup sugar, 4 tablespoons cherry juice, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 2oz. sugar, cream, mint sprigs, few fresh cherry sprays.

Line a tart plate with pastry and bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F.)



YOUR GUESTS will love these mouth-watering dishes, and best of all they are easy to make. Recipes are given on this page.

for 12 to 15 minutes. Blend arrowroot with a little cold water, add to cooked, pitted cherries and bring to boil. When cold, spread cherries over bottom of cooked pastry case. Soften gelatine in cold water, and dissolve over boiling water. Mix egg-yolks, sugar, and fruit juice, and cook over boiling water until mixture coats spoon. Cool, and add dissolved gelatine. When beginning to set, fold in egg-whites which have been stiffly beaten with 2oz. of sugar. Pour over cherries in pastry case. Chill until firm and serve garnished with whipped cream, mint sprigs, and sprays of fresh cherries.

FROSTED CHOCOLATE PIE

One baked pastry case (8-inch), 1 pint milk, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2oz. cooking chocolate, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 4 tablespoons sugar for meringue, 1 cup flaked coconut, almond or peppermint essence.

Blend sugar and cornflour and lemon rind with a little cold milk. Dissolve chocolate in milk and add butter; stir in blended cornflour and simmer 3 minutes. Cool and stir in egg-yolks, and cook very slowly for a further 5 minutes. Pour into pastry case. Whip egg-whites stiffly, and gradually whip in sugar; when stiff fold in coconut and the peppermint or almond essence to taste. Pile onto chocolate mixture and cook in a slow oven (325 deg. F.) for 20 to 30 minutes, or until set and lightly colored. Chill and serve in wedges.

CHICKEN MAYONNAISE

Slices of chicken (boiled, steamed, or baked), 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons boiling water, capers, red chilli strips, gherkins, stuffed olives, lettuce or cress, and salad vegetables such as cooked green peas, pineapple, tomato wedges, serrated cucumber.

Arrange cold chicken, either in overlapping cuts and slices in one mound or in individual service pieces. Dissolve gelatine in boiling water and add to mayonnaise. Coat chicken with mayonnaise and chill. Garnish with red chilli strips and capers or sliced, stuffed olives. Surround with crisp, cold, well-drained salad vegetables.

By MARY FORBES
Cookery Expert to The
Australian Women's
Weekly.

SCHOOLGIRL

MUMMY SAYS
I CAN THANK
REXONA FOR MY
NICE CLEAR SKIN,
BECAUSE SHE
STARTED ME OFF
ON REXONA WHEN
I WAS A BABY

Rexona Soap guards beauty the natural way—by keeping skin radiantly healthy. Rexona alone contains Cadyl—a special compound of medications. Its fresh, medicated lather clears away the impurities that cause most skin flaws. Your skin must show a thrilling improvement—with Rexona care!



REXONA IS MORE
THAN A BEAUTY SOAP
It's a Complete
Skin Treatment

If persistent, deep-seated skin faults do not clear up quickly with the Rexona Soap treatment, then a combination treatment of Rexona Soap and Ointment is needed.
TREATMENT: Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear a little Rexona Ointment on the affected parts. This rapid-healing treatment leaves skin clear, radiant, unmarked.



REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

8.214.27



FOR BREAKFAST
LITTLE
MARGIE KING,

would scarcely eat
a single thing!



But now she's found her appetite
Our crisp Rice Bubbles set her right!



That friendly little Snap! Crackle! Pop! as you pour on the milk, is just what's needed to spur up lazy little appetites. And don't forget, there are loads of nourishment in Kellogg's crisp Rice Bubbles. Energy value too. Just what growing kiddies need most of all. They're so easy on little tummies, children never have trouble digesting them.

"Rice Bubbles" are utterly distinct from any other ready-to-eat cereal. Product and process are protected by Australian Letters Patent, Nos. 16524/28; 16525/28. "Rice Bubbles" is the trade mark of Kellogg's (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., for even-popped rice.

READERS' RECIPES

win cash prizes

● The first prize this week goes to a Victorian reader for her recipe for Russian tart. Other prizes are awarded for delicious dishes that you will all want to try.

WHY not enter your favorite recipe in this interesting weekly competition? All you have to do is write out your recipe, attach name and address and send to this office.

Each week a prize of £1 is awarded for the best entry, and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

RUSSIAN TART

Quarter-pound of butter, 1lb. sugar, 1 egg, 1½ cups self-raising flour.

Beat butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then flour, adding more flour if not quite stiff enough to roll out. Line cake containers and cover bottom with apricot jam (no other jam will do), and pour in following mixture:

One dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 egg, grated rind of 1 lemon and a little juice, 1 large apple, grated (cooking).

Bake in a moderate oven for 20 to 25 minutes. For a family sweet an ordinary pie-crust is good, and can be cooked in an oblong tin or any tin to suit the family.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Ross, Hunters Plain, Corryong, Vic.

SWISS HONEY AND GINGER CAKE

Three-quarter-pound flour, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 4 tablespoons honey, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon ground ginger or 2oz. chopped preserved ginger, 2oz. chopped raisins, 2oz. chopped peel, 6oz. raisins, 2 bananas, mashed, 3 eggs, 3oz. butter, pinch of salt.

Sift flour and dry ingredients, rub in butter, grind almonds, if possible, or cut small, add sliced peel, cut up raisins. Mix them, add beaten eggs, honey, and milk. Mix again lightly, pour into a greased baking dish. Cook in a moderate oven for 30 to 40 minutes.

For icing: 2oz. butter, 2oz. icing

sugar, juice of 1 orange, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon and nutmeg, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 egg-yolk, few pieces of preserved ginger to decorate.

Cream with a wooden spoon. Make a tray of biscuits from same mixture, put in patty pans or drop in spoonfuls on greased tray. Bake 10 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Bell, 19 George St., Stepney, S.A.

BANANA-ORANGE COCKTAIL

One glass of orange juice, add yolk only of egg and beat well, and lastly a mashed, well-ripened banana. Beat thoroughly until frothy.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Hitchburn, 54a Mary St., Toowoomba, Qld.

GRAMMA AND PINEAPPLE JAM

Three pounds of grammas, 3lb. sugar, 1 large tin crushed pineapple or 1 pineapple, diced.

Cut grammas, after peeling, in small pieces or mince. Sprinkle with sugar and stand all night. Add pineapple in the morning and boil together till done. This burns easily, so stir often. A little cinnamon or juice of a lemon may be added if desired.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. S. Darby, Coolanbilla, Spring Ridge, N.S.W.

SPICED CIDER PUFFS

Sift together 1lb. self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon castor sugar, 1 saltspoon each of cinnamon and allspice.

Peel, but don't core, a large cooking apple and grate with a coarse grater into dry ingredients till a paste can be formed (no other liquid is required). Drop small teaspoonfuls into hot fat in a frying-pan and when golden brown drain and roll in castor sugar to which a little cinnamon has been added.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Borschmann, Drummond St., Rutherglen, Vic.

INDIAN CHUTNEY

Six large apples, 1 pint vinegar, 1lb. dates, 1lb. sugar, 2oz. salt, 1oz. ground ginger, 3oz. onions, 4oz. raisins, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon cayenne.

Chop onions, apples, dates and raisins very fine. Boil all ingredients slowly until soft. Tie down when cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. Kimber, 85 Griffiths Ave., Punchbowl, N.S.W.

TOMATO AND PINEAPPLE JAM

Six pounds tomatoes, 1 pineapple, 4lb. sugar, 1 small teaspoonful of tartaric acid.

Scald and peel tomatoes. Cut them up into large pieces, taking out hard pieces near stalk. Cut a good-sized, rough-skinned pineapple into small dice. Boil together with



TO KEEP your felt hats looking immaculate, says Miss Precious Minutes, keep a special soft hat-brush and brush briskly before wearing to remove any dust.

Susan Peters, Warner Bros.' starlet, keeps her summer felts trim in this way.

TO REMOVE grubby fingerprints from wallpaper, rub gently with ordinary uncooked oatmeal.

TO REMOVE scorch-marks on linen, rub with a piece of freshly-cut onion, soak the place in a solution of peroxide of hydrogen and a little cold water. After drying in open air, iron as usual.

COOKING fat often becomes full of black specks. To get it a pure white, pour the fat into a bowl half filled with water. When cool the fat will be a solid block on top and the black specks will be left at the bottom of the bowl.



1lb. sugar for 20 minutes. While boiling heat rest of sugar in oven, and add when very hot to boiling jam; boil all quickly for 1 hour or longer. A few minutes before taking up add tartaric acid, boil, and seal down when cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Dwyer, 143 George St., Parramatta, N.S.W.

RAINBOW SOUFFLE

One pint of milk, 3 eggs, 1 cup sugar, essence of vanilla, essence of lemon, cochineal, cocoa, 3oz. gelatine.

Soak gelatine in a little milk, add pint of milk, sugar, and well-beaten egg-yolks. Stir until nearly boiling (do not let it boil), remove from fire and add stiffly-beaten whites, mixing well.

Divide equally into three parts, color one part with cocoa. Put this in mould and allow to set a little; color another part pink and flavor with vanilla, then pour over the chocolate. Flavor third part with lemon and pour on top of the pink. Freeze, and turn out of mould when required. Decorate with whipped cream and chopped nuts.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. J. Hunter, Strathisla, Cummoek, N.S.W.



APPETISING SWEET for hot summer days is Rainbow Souffle. It looks very decorative, and is especially good when garnished with whipped cream and chopped nuts. Recipe is given on this page.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

TO keep a boiled fowl a good color, rub it over with a cut lemon, wrap in greaseproof paper, then boil.

CHEESE is apt to become dry in hot weather. To prevent this soak a piece of butter muslin in vinegar, then squeeze out and wrap round cheese.

IF your lettuce has become limp, soak it in a dish of clear cold water in which you have placed a rustless knife. This will make it quite crisp again.

WHEN washing an article which needs starching, dry thoroughly before actually starching. This will greatly lengthen the time it will keep clean.

IF your patent-leather shoes have become cracked, apply castor oil and rub in well. Then hold shoes over steam, and they will appear as new.

AFTER peeling onions rub your hands with dry mustard to remove the unpleasant odor.

TO remove grubby fingerprints from wallpaper, rub gently with ordinary uncooked oatmeal.

EUCALYPTUS will remove any oil stain from silk material, without leaving a mark. Rub it on gently with a clean cloth.

TO remove scorch-marks on linen, rub with a piece of freshly-cut onion, soak the place in a solution of peroxide of hydrogen and a little cold water. After drying in open air, iron as usual.

COOKING fat often becomes full of black specks. To get it a pure white, pour the fat into a bowl half filled with water. When cool the fat will be a solid block on top and the black specks will be left at the bottom of the bowl.

HELP! A LADDER! MOLLY WON'T BE ABLE TO AFFORD THOSE FANCY SLIPPERS NOW...



LUX
Cut down ladders with LUX
A LEVER PRODUCT U.M.32

The sweet with the fascinating fresh fruit flavour!...



MacRobertson's

CHERRY RIPE

— the coconut assures good munching

IT TASTES GOOD!... IT IS GOOD!...

What is your face value?

● Most women seem to think that to keep their skin clear and soft and glowing a variety of expensive creams and periodic visits to the beauty salon are of primary importance. Actually the simplest of home treatments will preserve and beautify your skin.



IF YOUR SKIN IS OILY, it will be greatly improved by a daily sun-bath. You must be careful, however, not to overdo it. Five minutes is quite sufficient for the first day.

THE vital thing to do is to find out which type of skin you possess — normal, dry, or greasy — and then follow a specified treatment.

The normal skin requires daily cleansing, nourishing, and stimulation. Cleanse with warm water and a good soap night and morning, and through the day remove make-up with a liquefying cream, followed by

BY
JANETTE

a brisk pat with a refreshing astringent.

Before you get into your hot bath at night massage gently but firmly with a nourishing cream, and leave it on while you are having your bath. Then wipe off surplus grease with a face tissue.

A dry skin is usually an indication that your body would welcome a diet richer in fats, so eat more generously of butter, cream, cheese, milk, fat meats, and nuts.

The skin needs softening and lubricating, so use a cleansing cream or cold cream several times during the day to remove dust and make-up, and restore the oil content. Avoid strong astringents and always use a cold cream or tissue cream before going out into the sun. When you wash your face, use tepid water and leave a little cream on your face overnight.

Excess of fats in the diet may contribute to an oily skin, so avoid rich foods and sweets and concentrate on fruit, vegetables, and salads. Drink ten glasses of water a day and get as much outdoor exercise as you can manage. Gradual sunbathing is usually beneficial to this type of skin.

After washing your face at night, use a skin tonic or astringent instead of cream, and during the day cleanse the skin frequently with a liquid cleanser.

Special skin diet

AND now a special skin diet from Hollywood's famous Madame Sylvia, to whom many of the glamour girls of the films are indebted for their lovely complexions.

Start the day with a glass of hot or cold water into which you have squeezed the juice of half a lemon. Don't use ice water.

BREAKFAST: Any fresh fruit in season; scrambled egg; two slices of thin, crisp wholemeal toast with butter and honey; black coffee (no sugar).

At eleven o'clock have a glass of pure orange juice.

LUNCHEON: Salad consisting of one-fourth head lettuce, 1 tomato, and a small helping of cheese. Use lemon-juice dressing. Glass of skimmed milk or buttermilk.

At four o'clock have a glass of tomato juice.

DINNER: Any grilled or baked meat that is lean; three vegetables, one starchy, two non-starchy; green salad, consisting of lettuce, celery, and watercress with lemon-juice dressing; small dish of ice-cream or fresh fruit. Black coffee.

Before going to bed have a glass of grapefruit juice.



BETTY GRABLE, 20th Century-Fox star, is the possessor of a fine and lovely skin which is the envy of all her friends. She keeps it this way by watching her diet carefully and regular massage.



HOLLYWOOD GLAMOUR LEGS ARE HERE!

Socialite Australia is following up Hollywood's latest glamour idea. Miss Valerie Williamson, Glaide Liquid Hosiery expert, shows lovely socialite Jasmin Barton how to 'pour a pair of stockings'. "It's as simple as powdering your nose," says Val. "Just take a little Glaide in the palm of your hand. Smooth it quickly over your legs, and hey presto!—you're wearing a glamorous pair of stockings. Glaide won't rub off . . . won't wear off." You can get a bottle of Glaide, at any chemist shop, beauty salon or department store.



Perfect romance does not belong to fiction alone, it can be the experience of every girl—if she but understands the art of fascination and how to appear well-groomed. One thing all men admire is an adorable complexion. In this, Erasmic Face Powder can add that smooth, petal-like finish. Delicate as a butterfly's wing, Erasmic clings closely and evenly—its haunting fragrance surrounding you with a suggestion of unforgettable charm.

Rachel, Peach, Brunette, Suntan and Natural

ERASMIC CREAM (Vanishing or Cold)
1/1 tube or jar.

1/1



ERASMIC FACE POWDER 1/1

E.23.39

Flowering bulbs and rhizomes

THESE peculiar blooms rise like skyrockets from dense foliage and draw attention from everything else in their immediate neighborhood.

They have the advantage, not only of being easily grown, but fairly hardy in warm districts, provided they are sheltered from strong, hot winds in summer and frost in winter.

They are of rhizomatous habit, that is, the roots are thick and fleshy, and old rhizomes can be divided to produce strong new plants.

In cool districts the plants should be set out when all danger of late frosts is past. In very frosty districts the plants should be mulched with several inches of straw material in late autumn.

They will come away strongly the following spring if afforded this protection. For the warm coastal districts, and dry inland areas where water is plentiful, tritomas are ideal subjects, and make a gay display for several months.

They do best if set out in rather poor soil that is well drained, but are essentially sun-lovers and do not appreciate shade.

● One of the most startling summer and autumn flowering plants is the tritoma or kniphofia, commonly known as red-hot poker on account of its dense, cigar-shaped spikes of red and yellow flowers.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

While there are many species, some dwarf ones for rock-garden use, which bloom in summer, there are countless other species which flower in late summer and autumn.

The brilliant flower-scapes rise to several feet above the sword-like leaves. Of the dwarf varieties Baby Joy, orange-red, is one of the best. Goldelse is a rich citron-yellow dwarf, and Little Treasure a bright yellow shaded with salmon.

Another summer flowering but bulbous plant which is very generous with its flowers is the day lily. Like the tritoma, it does well in poor soil.

Iris belong to both the bulbous and rhizomatous families, but the latter are the most useful for summer flowering.

Many types will do well in dry districts provided plenty of water is

available. Some, indeed, will grow in swampy soil, and revel in a position on the edge of a pond or water-garden.

Billbergias are also hardy plants that thrive in summer heat, rather poor soil, and may be planted the year round.

For the borders of long drives, for filling up awkward corners, or as central plants of circular beds the agapanthus is ideal.

Tigridias are gorgeous colored summer flowering bulbs that revel in open, sunny positions. The stems run up about 2ft. tall and produce in rapid succession a number of large, erect flowers.

Another extraordinary bulbous plant is sprekelia formosissima (Jacobean lily). This produces brilliant crimson flowers somewhat resembling an orchid. They require to be sown in an open, sunny bed, in deep, well-worked soil.

RED-HOT POKER is easy to grow and provides a colorful display. The tiny, bell-like flowers are shaded from pale yellow to brilliant red.



For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Prevention of sickness in the first years

NATURE prepares the new-born baby for a period of a few months of prevention from disease or immunity.

It is provided with certain inherited properties of body-tissue and fluid which resist bacterial disease.

If this were not so, every baby would be made ill by the slightest exposure to disease germs.

However, these inherent powers of resistance do not always protect from disease and after the first few months this original immunity may

largely disappear. Much can be done before and after baby is born to ensure it a certain margin of safety.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with an enclosed stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

"Medico" Tells You What to do

PATIENT: This morning my small son got a bead in his ear, and I was terribly worried to know what treatment to apply till the doctor

till the doctor comes

arrived. In a case like that, what should I do?

DOCTOR: Since kids will be kids and stick things in their ears and noses, remember these two don'ts: Don't use water and don't poke at the obstruction. Peas, seeds, and similar objects absorb water and swell, and poking may injure the delicate membranes.

For an object in the ear, keep pouring in olive oil until it is dislodged. For an object in the nose, press the finger against the clear passage to close it, then use the old formula, "Blow hard." If that doesn't do the trick, try smelling pepper and sneezing.

When a child gets something in his throat, try to reach the object with your fingers. If unsuccessful, hold him upside down by the legs and slap his back vigorously. A choking adult should be slung over the side of a bed or table and be given vigorous slaps between the shoulder-blades.

The accidental swallowing of small coins or safety pins (unopened) calls for a special diet of cereal, potatoes, and bread and milk for a day or so. These foods help to coat the article and keep it from injuring the lining of the food canal until the body expels it. For an open pin or a nail, get the doctor at once.

Nothing is more painful than a speck or clinder in the eye. Don't

rub the eye. It may embed the object in the eyeball, and that calls for expert removal. To remove the speck itself, prop a mirror close to a strong light. Grasp the lower eyelashes firmly, pull the lid down, and look for the intruder. Take the upper lashes and turn the upper lid back, and search that region. When found, remove with the corner of a clean handkerchief moistened with a weak solution of salt and water.

If you should spatter your eyes with fat, acid, or alkali when doing household chores, wash them out with water, then drop a little oil in them—olive, castor, or mineral, whichever is handy.

The head of an unconscious person should be turned on the side so that his relaxed tongue will not obstruct breathing.

If any member of your family has had a recent tonsil operation, watch out for sudden or violent coughing, sneezing, or clearing the throat, which might start bleeding. If the bleeding comes from the nose, pack the nostrils with cotton-wool while someone notifies the doctor; if the bleeding comes through the mouth, have the patient gargle with ice water.

If stung by a bee, remove the fiery dart as quickly as possible, but do not pull it out. The little white substance which is visible is the bag containing the poison, and if this is seized the poison is squeezed through the very small hollow tube into the flesh. The best way to remove it is to push it out sideways with the finger-nail or the point of a knife.



SIX GUESTS — AND I INVITED TWENTY!

I'LL NEVER INVITE ANOTHER SOUL. EVERYTHING WENT WRONG

ONLY ONE THING WAS WRONG, MY DEAR. THE GUEST YOU DIDN'T INVITE...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN MOTHER?

JANIE, I KNOW WHY THOSE FRIENDS DON'T TURN UP BECAUSE OF THE THING I'VE HINTED ABOUT SO OFTEN NOW I'LL SAY IT RIGHT OUT — "B.O."



WHY DIDN'T I USE LIFEBOUY LONG AGO? I NEVER KNEW IT WAS SO REFRESHING, AND THERE'S NO CHANCE OF "B.O." NOW.



Don't risk snubs as Jane did! Of all popular soaps

LIFEBOUY is...

THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO PREVENT "B.O."

"B.O." is a dangerous guest to have around. But by using Lifebuoy in your daily bath, "B.O." will never trouble you. Just remember, no other soap can protect as Lifebuoy does—only refreshing Lifebuoy contains the famous health element that keeps you immaculate.

SO GLAD YOU CAME JANE, AND SO IS BOB—YOU'VE MADE A HIT MY DEAR!



LIFEBOUY its clean fragrance vanishes ... its protection remains

A LEVER PRODUCT

W.18.19

FOR THIS CHRISTMAS...

It's worth while giving Handkerchiefs... IF YOU MAKE A GIFT OF NILE

Perfectly woven from finest Egyptian yarn and styled in the modern mode, Nile Handkerchiefs with the latest tailored borders or attractive patterns for critical males cost 1/3 (3d. extra for initials) or 1/2 for madams (with initials 1/2). Ask emphatically for NILE.

A PIONEER PRODUCT



SOLD SINGLY OR IN FASCINATING GIFT BOXES.

Planning the nursery

● The nursery is the house-world of small children whose habits and customs are still in the making and who will be influenced by their surroundings.



CREAM WALLS and dainty cream marquise curtains are offset by light brown furniture. The floor is covered with dark green felt which is highlighted with beight rugs.



PALE BLUE washable paint is used for the walls and furniture in this charming nursery. The floor rugs and a bright frieze around the wall add an enchanting touch of color.



NATURAL WOOD FURNITURE, built on simple lines, is ideal for children. Natural matting on the floor and pale primrose-yellow walls and curtains complete the harmonious color scheme.



CREAM-LACQUERED FURNITURE is enhanced by pastel-pink walls and a deep rose wall-to-wall carpet. The cotton bedspreads feature a medley of soft pastels.

TAKE FAT OFF QUICKLY WITH BONKORA -

LOSE 12 lbs. in 2 weeks!

Try this quick reducing treatment. Women all over Australia have found BonKora amazingly successful. Often when exhausting diet and strenuous exercise have failed, this easy, pleasant method has brought instant results. Pounds of ungainly bulk have gone, in short time; BonKora's 3-stage method acts at triple speed. Excess fat goes first and you can stop treatment at any time; reduce at your own speed according to the dose you take.

EAT BIG MEALS, YET LOSE FAT

No need to go hungry—follow instructions in BonKora booklet and eat satisfying, tasty meals all through the course. BonKora rids the body of impurities and builds health while it breaks down fat. Users look better, feel younger from first days of treatment.

BonKora is harmless — no dangerous drugs or thyroid are used in its ingredients.

BonKora is 6/6 at all chemists. No increase in price because of Sales Tax. 2d. in stamps brings you FREE SAMPLE and full details. Should your chemist be out of stock, post 6/6 in postal notes to The Bonkora Company of Australia Pty., Ltd., Box 372588, G.P.O., Sydney.



By
OUR HOME DECORATOR

OSTENTATIOUS quaintness of design or ornaments should be avoided in nursery furnishing. There are toys and furniture "designed for children," in which no child will find delight.

The real test must always be—do the children really use the things? No nursery is a happy one if it does not show the signs of reasonable wear and tear.

When selecting the room, choose one which has big windows, plenty of sunshine, and simple wall covering.

Chairs should be small and very light, so that even a tiny child can lift them without strain.

Of actual furniture, apart from chairs and tables, the nursery mainly needs places in which to keep things.

Formerly these were provided by tall chests of drawers and high, inaccessible cupboards. Now the feeling is that it is better that the children may be able to get out their own things and put them away without being helped. So the sensible nursery has low cupboards, well within the child's reach.

A low box ottoman is also very useful, and it becomes more attractive still if a long picture or a strip of frieze is hung above it.

Treasure of the Trousseau!



Exclusive Garments of Satin and Crepe de Chine by

KATSER

The heart's desire of every bride is this dream house-coat by Kayser. Satin or crepe-de-chine, quaintly quilted, slim-waisted, with graceful flaring skirt, it's Hollywood glamour for evenings at home.

Equally lovable is the matching Dressing Jacket.



It's Xmas - Give Kayser

Gifts of a lifetime

Hotpoint

electric servants

TABLE COOKER: 7-heat control. Ideal for quick meals. Grills, fries, toasts. Green or blue porcelain enamel. From 84/6d.

KETTLE: Boils at the protected ovening. 3-pint, from 54/-; 4-pint, from 58/6d.

JUG: The most economical boiling appliance for boiling water rapidly. Has practical lid, colored porcelain. From 29/6d.

CHEVRON TOASTER: Heavily chromium plated, long life aluminum, non-scratch test, toasts two slices at once. From 31/6d. Others from 24/6d.

MODERN IRON: Beautifully streamlined, 20% larger soleplate, thumb-rest, buttonnocks, oil cooled handle, spring protected Reo-Term 35/3d. AUTO-MATIC IRONS from 48/- Others from 34/6d.

Shortest way to a woman's heart is something beautifully practical which will carry your love and good wishes well into the future. Here they are: Electric Servants, whose shining brightness delights the eye . . . whose convenience, in the scheme of modern living, gives a joy to each day's work . . . whose lasting economical service makes a strong appeal to thriftiness. They bear a famous name known for quality the world over . . . "HOTPOINT".



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